THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS, viz.

Lord Chantellor COWPER,
Biſhop HOADLY,
Lord Chief Baron GILBERT,
Mr. ADDISON,
Sir RICHARD STEELE,
Mr. POPE,
Mr. ROWE,
Mr. WILKS,
Dr. ISAAC WATTS, &c.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

To which are added,

Several PIECES by Mr. HUGHES, never before publiſhed, and the ORIGINAL PLAN of the SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:
THOMAS EWING.
M,DCC,LXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

THE letters here offered to the public require no other recommendation than the ſubjects which they diſcuſs, and the names of their authors. Curioſity is never more awakened, and never more gratified, than by ſuch an epiſtolary intercourſe: ſages and poets long deceaſed *there* ſeem revived and preſent to our view: we are admitted into the cloſets and confidence of the great and good, we imagine ourſelves their friends and correſpondents. Cicero pleading in the forum, and Cicero correſponding with Atticus, appear, it muſt be owned, in very different lights; but few will be at a loſs to diſcover in which character he deſerves the preference, in which character we are moſt likely to find his true and genuine ſentiments.

To the account given by Mr. Hughes, in the memoirs prefixed to his works, it may be

proper to add the following remarks on his character and writings, annexed by Dr. Campbell to his accurate life of this writer in the *Biographia Britannica:*

"Mr. John Hughes was more ſolicitous "to deſerve fame than ambitious to enjoy it. He "was by nature addicted to ſtudy, and with a "great genius had a vaſt fund of diligence, an "exquiſite taſte, a correct judgment; but with all "theſe qualities, was modeſt, and even diffident, "to a ſurpriſing degree; which hindered him "from collecting or publiſhing many valuable "pieces of poetry, and ſome of proſe. How well "he was acquainted with the ancients, and how "proper a uſe he made of that acquaintance, ap-"pears from his tranſlations and imitations of "Orpheus, Tyrtæus, Pindar, Anacreon, and "Euripides, amongſt the Greeks; as well as of "Horace, Ovid, Lucan, and Claudian, amongſt "the Romans. This did not, however, preju-"dice him againſt the moderns: he tranſlated alſo "from the French; and his 'Birth of the Roſe,' "from a writer of that country, is not the leaſt "beautiful piece amongſt his works. His ſkill "in muſic, which was exquiſite, gave him ſuch "an advantage over other poets, as might, with "proper encouragement, have carried the Engliſh "opera as high as the Italian. His talent for "lyric poetry was juſtly admired, and his tragedy "of the 'Siege of Damaſcus' was an inſtance "that pain and ſickneſs could not abate the fire

"of

" of his genius, or hinder him from giving " marks of it as long as he lived. He did not " write, at leaſt he did not publiſh, much; but if " we conſider him as an invalid almoſt through " his whole life, his avocations on account of " buſineſs, and that he was but forty-two when " he ceaſed to live, and alſo call to mind how " correct every thing was that came from him, " we muſt retract our aſſertion, and allow that he " publiſhed a great deal. His character as a cri- " tic was at leaſt equal to his character as a poet, " but were both excelled by his character as a " man and a chriſtian. His religion was ſincere " without ſeverity, his morals ſtrict but not " auſtere, his converſation equally inſtructive and " pleaſant. To ſay all of him he deſerved would " be a hard taſk. Let it ſuffice then—the man " whom the biſhop of Wincheſter honoured as a " friend*, the man whom Mr. Addiſon admired " as a poet†, the man whoſe goodneſs and inte- " grity Mr. Pope had in veneration‡, could be no " ordinary man."

To the objection that may be made againſt publiſhing letters not intended for the public, an anſwer ſhall be given in the words of the editors of Shenſtone and Swift. " This objection, tho' " it

* See letter xli.

† See letter xix.

‡ See letters xxxii, lxxiv, and lxxvii.

"it carries with it an air of delicacy, will not "hold in all caſes, and therefore muſt unavoid- "ably be ſubject to ſome limitations; theſe limi- "tations muſt vary, as the circumſtances of caſes "happen to vary; and not to make proper allow- "ances for ſuch circumſtances, is highly unrea- "ſonable; injurious to many who have deſerved "well of the public by this very conduct, and "detrimental to the intereſts of literature. It "is ſufficient to ſay, that where neither the repu- "tation of the writer, nor that of any other per- "ſon, is injured, there the force of the objection "evidently ceaſes. And it is believed, on the "moſt mature deliberation, that this is the caſe "in the preſent inſtance."

Preface to Shenſtone's letters, p. iv.

"It may be preſumed, that though the pub- "lication of letters has been cenſured by ſome, "yet it is not condemned by the general voice; "ſince a numerous ſubſcription, in which are "many reſpectable names, has been lately ob- "tained, for printing other parts of the dean's "epiſtolary correſpondence, by a relation*, who "profeſſes the utmoſt veneration for his memory, "and a noble lord† has permitted Mr. Wilkes "[the proprietor] to place this under his protec- "tion."

Preface to Swift's letters, p. ix.

On

* Deane Swift, eſq. † Earl Temple.

On the whole, it is hoped that theſe letters will be deemed no unſuitable addition to thoſe of Swift and Pope, as they ſerve to throw ſtill farther light on the hiſtory of learning, and to illuſtrate the characters of ſeveral of the learned for near a century paſt; while at the ſame time they anſwer a moſt important and intereſting purpoſe, by teaching readers of every rank, from the diſappointments of ſome, the infirmities of others, and the deaths of all, to anticipate and realiſe what probably may and certainly muſt be their own fate: to look forward to the period of this tranſient life, and to make the beſt uſe of thoſe fleeting moments which never can be recalled.

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LETTERS,

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

Rev. Mr. THOMAS SWIFT* to Mr. BENTLEY, Bookſeller, in Covent-Garden.

MR. BENTLEY, Moor-Park†, Feb. 14, 1694-5.

IT was all along my deſign to communicate Sir William Temple's directions to you and your aſſociates, but I was willing to do it ſo cautiouſly that

* This gentleman was firſt couſin to the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, being the only ſon of his uncle Thomas. See Dr. Swift's "Sketch of his own family," publiſhed by Mr. Deane Swift, Sect. xv. where this Mr. Thomas Swift is mentioned as being then living, and rector of Puttenham in Surry. And Mr. Swift, the editor, ſays, in a note, that "he was a man of learning and abilities, but being bred up, like his father and grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for all PURITANICAL SECTARIES, continued rector of Puttenham, without any the leaſt hope of riſing in the church, for the ſpace of threeſcore years, and died in May, 1752, in the 87th year of his age." He muſt therefore have had that living, (probably by Sir William Temple's intereſt, it not being far from Moor-Park)

that you might not publiſh unleſs you follow them; for this was the folly of Dunton ‡ and his party, that

Park) about three years before this letter was written, and as it is a crown-living, Mr. Swift's preſentation to it ſeems another exception to his relation, Mr. Deane Swift's "perſuaſion, that no "ſolicitation was ever made to the crown by one of the name, "from the reſtoration to this day, for any the leaſt favour what-"ſoever, that was either worth the crown's refuſal, or any of the "family's acceptance, except, &c." This letter, the original of which, with the poſt-mark on it, is in the editor's hands, is indorſed "Mr. Swift's (Sir William Temple's chaplain) letter about "the Hiſtory of England. "And in a thankſgiving-ſermon by this author, ſtyled "Noah's Dove," on Iſaiah xi. 13, 14. publiſhed in 1710, he has the ſame title, though Sir William Temple had then been dead ſeveral years. It ſeems ſurpriſing that Mr. Deane Swift, and the reſt of the Doctor's biographers, ſhould have taken no notice of this other family-connection of the Swifts with Sir William Temple, as it ſerves to throw ſtill farther light on Dr. Swift's firſt introduction into Sir William's family, and perhaps may in ſome meaſure account for his patron (then retired from the world) neglecting, or not being able, to procure Engliſh preferment for more than one of the Swifts, his own chaplain. It is alſo remarkable, that though Swift and his couſin were nearly of an age, and muſt have been inmates together at Moor-Park, yet in all the Dean's works, voluminous as they are, Mr. Thomas Swift's name occurs, we think, but once; viz. in Letter xxxiv. of Swift's "journal to Stella," dated Nov. 7, 1711, where he ſays, alluding to the above-mentioned ſermon, "a bookſeller has reprinted or new-titled a ſermon of Tom Swift's, "printed laſt year, and publiſhes an advertiſement, calling it "Dr. Swift's Sermon."—Vol. v. of his Letters, 3d edit. p. 86. It may perhaps be thought, that Mr. Thomas Swift was introduced to Sir William by the Dean, and owed his preferment to his recommendation; but as the chaplain was two years older, and was rector of Puttenham in 1692, (the year that his kinſman was admitted at Oxford) this ſuppoſition, though poſſible, ſeems ſcarce probable. It is farther obſervable, that Swift, in his "Letters to Stella," frequently mentions, that the Lord Treaſurer, when he had a mind to vex him, would call him, or introduce him to company, by the name of "Dr. Thomas Swift," from whence we may aver, that the Dr. was either on no good terms with therector of Puttenham, or, which is more likely, had a mean opinion of his abilities.

† Near Farnham, Surry, Sir William Temple's ſeat.

that they made a noiſe with my patron's name, whilſt they took away clear contrary to his directions, and yet pretended that he writ, when it was I writ to them, for he did not ſo much as read their letters. I writ theſe directions to Mr. Simpſon, and deſired him to endeavour his reception into your number, that you might print his introduction, and join in the common concern. When I was in London a ſecond time, I aſked him what was done in it? He ſaid that he had attempted it by a third perſon, and that he found ſome of you were averſe to it, having made proceedings already another way. I was once or twice at your ſhop, but not finding you at home, my own buſineſs called me away, and ſo put a ſtop to this. But ſince you ſeem deſirous of theſe directions, I will give them you as briefly as I can. If you do follow them, I will engage to get you ſubſcriptions by my own acquaintance in theſe parts, and Sir William Temple's directions, and the goodneſs of the method, will get you more. If you do not, I ſhall deſire you to keep the directions private, and not to make uſe of Sir William Temple's name. He is of opinion that the beſt and readieſt way to compile a good General Hiſtory of England will be, to take in all thoſe parts of it which have al-

‡ John Dunton was a bookſeller, who failed in trade, and afterwards turned author. He unluckily "failed" ſeveral times in his new profeſſion. His principal work was, "The life and "errors of John Dunton, &c."
Granger's biograph. hiſt. of England, vol. ii. part 2. p. 416.

ready been written by any approved and eſteemed authors; and to write nothing new beſides thoſe parts which have not yet been touched by authors of name and eſtimation. And he thinks the variety of the ſeveral hands and ſtyles may render it yet more agreeable to the readers than if it were all written by the ſame pen; which would perhaps be a greater undertaking than any man believes, before he engages in ſuch an attempt. Therefore he thinks, that, after the end of the introduction, and William the Conqueror's reign, the lives of William Rufus, and the ſucceeding kings, to the end of Edward the III. may be inſerted as they are written by Daniel, who is an author of good judgment, and no ill ſtyle *. He thinks he has ſeen, many years ago, the life of Richard II. written well, and by a good hand, as he was then informed, though publiſhed without a name. But this will be your part to inform yourſelves; and if it be ſo, this may ſucceed after Edward III. The lives of Henry IV. V. and VI. muſt of neceſſity be written by a new hand, and will deſerve a very good one, ſince, if well collected and digeſted, though out of common authors, they will compriſe the nobleſt part of the Hiſtory of England. After theſe may ſucceed the lives of Edward IV. Edward V. and Richard III. written, as he remembers, by Sir Thomas Moore, if they are ſtill extant. And if ſo, it will be but juſtice to his memory to inſert them, without any alteration, how

* Samuel Daniel, eſq; was groom of the privy-chamber to the queen of James II.

how different ſoever his ſtyle and manner of writing may be from what is in uſe at preſent. The ſame honour will be due to Sir Francis Bacon's Henry VII. which may ſucceed the other, and be followed by Lord Herbert's Henry VIII. but this ought to be abridged, though it will require a very judicious hand to chuſe what part may be left out, without injury to the ſtory. Sir John Haywood's Edward VI. may follow of courſe, but may likewiſe bear ſome abridgment in ſome parts leſs neceſſary.

QUEEN Mary's life may be drawn out of Hollingſhead, who lived near her time, and is more pertinent, or leſs tedious, in that life than in any of his others. This may be followed by Camden's Elizabeth, which may conclude the firſt volume of the General Hiſtory of England*.

THUS far Sir William Temple's directions go, and Dunton's ſociety, when they could not take

 them,

* The above plan ſeems in a great meaſure to have been purſued in Biſhop Kennet's "Complete Hiſtory of England," all the lives above recommended being adopted, with theſe exceptions only; the hiſtory before William the Conqueror is by Milton; that of Richard II. (as well as thoſe of his three ſucceſſors) is new-written; that of Edward IV. is by John Habington, eſq; the life of Richard III. by George Buck, eſq; (together with that by Sir Thomas Moor) is inſerted, and the hiſtory of Queen Mary is taken from Biſhop Goodwin. Excepting the life of James I. by Arthur Wilſon, eſq; all the ſubſequent lives are new-written. The two firſt volumes of this "hiſtory" were compiled by Mr. Hughes, who alſo wrote the "general preface" without any participation of Dr. Kennet. The third volume, with a particular preface, was publiſhed in 1706, with the other two.

See "Biogr. Brit. vol. iv. p. 2825."

them, becauſe they had not thoſe authors in their own power to print, yet, when I was in town, would by no means let me have a copy, unleſs I would promiſe never to communicate them to your party. I wiſh you may make that advantage of them which the others are afraid of, by following their directions. If you do, no man will pretend to equal you, or think by his own labour to ſurpaſs ſo many great authors, who lived near the reigns which they write of, and were ſome of the wiſeſt, the greateſt, or the beſt acquainted with affairs of any in their own time. But if you pretend to make moſt of your hiſtory *de novo*, it will either take up many years doing, or will prove but a ſecond edition of Sir Richard Baker. Some hand of note will take up the method which you ſlight, and then a mercenary pen will never bear a ſecond impreſſion. You will find, by the event, that I gueſs well. I wiſh you a great deal of ſucceſs, and ſhall be willing to ſee your propoſals, if you ſend any abroad.

I am your friend and ſervant,

THO. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER II.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. WATTS*.

DEAR SIR, London, May 30, 1696.

THOUGH nothing could be more acceptable to me than your laſt letter, yet I wiſh you had employed the former part of it on a better ſubject, and not in loading me with compliments as unexpected as undeſerved. The poiſon is the more dangerous becauſe the leſs ſuſpected, for you have ſhown ſuch an extreme addreſs, that ſeeming to ſay little, you have ſaid all. I thought, after that free confeſſion I had made, your friendſhip would have reſtrained you from tempting my vanity with ſuch unneceſſary praiſes on a trifle I owned myſelf too much inclined to be fond of; nay, to deal freely, I found my infirmity at that time ſo prevailing, that I could hardly perſuade myſelf at firſt that you complimented. But I will leave this ſubject, ſince to be over-obſtinate in refuſing praiſe is not always an argument of modeſty, any more than a

* Afterwards the Rev. Iſaac Watts, D. D. He was at this time reſident with his father at Southampton, after having received an academical education at London, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe. Mr. Watts began to preach in 1698, and in 1702 ſucceeded Dr. Iſaac Chauncy, in his miniſterial office at London, which he held till his death, Nov. 25, 1748. When this letter was written, the author's age was 18, and Mr. Watts's 21.

man's declaiming againſt himſelf in company, only becauſe he would be contradicted. I give you many thanks for that teſtimony of your gratitude, as you are pleaſed to call it, and though I muſt own it a little incorrect, yet you may believe me, if I tell you that I think it has ſome beauties which deſerve a particular admiration. As for your requeſt, that I would criticiſe on it, I hope you will excuſe me when I have declared to you, that I have neither judgment nor ill-nature enough for ſuch an undertaking. Perhaps too there is a grain of policy in the caſe, and I am unwilling to deſtroy the good opinion you ſeem to have of my abilities, by putting me on ſuch an attempt. In hopes that you will not, on your part, neglect this paper-correſpondence begun between us, nor fail to make me an expected return, I here ſend you ſome verſes that were written ſome time ago, and given, together with a drawing, to a lady, who is a great admirer of thoſe two ſiſter-arts. I ſhould perhaps diſcover too much of my vanity, if I ſhould tell you that, in ſome of the lines, I have imitated the incomparable Waller; but a little ambition, you know, is neceſſary to poets, and though I had reaſon enough to expect the ſame ſucceſs, that Horace prophecies of the imitators of Pindar, yet I have ſometimes been inclined to fancy the deſign, and ſome of the verſes, particularly the ſix laſt, not altogether unlike him.

VERSES

VERSES preſented to a lady with a drawing (by the author) of Cupid.

WHEN generous Dido in diſguiſe careſs'd
This god, and fondly claſp'd him to her breaſt,
Soon the ſly urchin ſtorm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames diſpers'd through every part.
In vain ſhe ſtrove to check the new-born fire,
It ſcorn'd her weak eſſays, and roſe the higher:
In vain from feaſts and balls relief ſhe ſought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet fate oppos'd her unrewarded care,
Forſaken, ſcorn'd, ſhe periſh'd in deſpair.
No ſuch event, fair nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to ſurpriſe,
He waits for influence from your conqu'ring eyes.
Heav'n change the omen then, and may this prove
A happy prelude to ſucceſsful love!

LETTER III.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. WATTS.

DEAR SIR, London, 1697.

I CANNOT eaſily ſignify to you with what eagerneſs I ſnatch this occaſion of making the moſt unfeigned acknowledgements, for the many obligations you have been pleaſed to lay upon me; a duty which your modeſty would never permit me to do in your preſence, and which my grati-

tude, the beſt quality I can boaſt, will not let me omit, now I have you at this advantage.

I KNOW you are in pain, for fear I am preparing for you a banquet of your own praiſes, a food which moſt other people can devour very heartily, and be in no danger of a ſurfeit; and had I any quarrel againſt you, I would not deſire a better revenge, and yet would ſay nothing that ſhould look the leaſt like flattery; ſo that you are now wholly at my mercy, and in no capacity of defending yourſelf, or putting by my paſſes; but ſince you cannot think me ignorant of what is ſo well known to all your friends, and ſince too you may gather, by what I have ſaid, with reference to one perfection, your modeſty, how well I am acquainted with all the reſt, I will take pity on you, and forbear ſo agreeable a ſubject. See here, Sir, what a command you have over me, when I dare not ſo much as offer you your own, leſt I diſpleaſe you; but am forced to make even this an inſtance of the eſteem I have for you, that I will not tell you how great it is. I give you many thanks for your witty and diverting letter; you need not have uſed arguments to perſuade me that the characters you have drawn in it are true copies of nature, for in requital I could ſend you ſome of another hue, that have fallen within the circle of my obſervation, monſters ſo hideous and deformed, that, drawn by a poet, they would be thought no leſs extravagant than the thunder-defying hero * of Statius before the walls of Thebes.

* Capaneus.

Thebes. Fools indeed (of whom you complain) are a very troubleſome ſort of inſects; but they only buzz about your ears, and never bite deep; the villain is the beaſt of prey, that leaps upon you from his den, and tears you in pieces: Theſe are the proper objects of rage, the others only of contempt; and this perhaps makes the difference between the ſatires of Horace and Juvenal, for the firſt of them only rallies, but the latter declaims. Do you think you could poſſeſs your ſoul in patience, if you had to do with a fellow, who, under the veil of a moſt unſuſpected affection, ſhould be carrying on a plot for your ruin? Who ſhould make uſe of all the moſt endearing acts of friendſhip, only to caſt a blind before your eyes, and procure an opportunity to make you a ſacrifice to his intereſt or revenge? The footpad, like an honeſt rogue, bluntly bids you—Stand and deliver! But ſome there are who will careſs and embrace you, whilſt their thoughts are employed how to ſwallow down your eſtate, if not cut your throat; and, if they do it but cleverly, and with ſome addreſs, ſo as not to fall within the letter of the law, they wipe their mouths and pronounce themſelves harmleſs;—"O villain! villain! ſmiling villain!" —Think not that I am writing at random, for I aſſure you, I have an original in my eye, after which I make this picture: innumerable others there are of the ſame black liſt, but with different degrees of deformity: to be particular, there is the phyſician, who purges you into a ſkeleton with his poiſonous doſes, and calculates the time of your cure by the number of his fees; the man of ſta-

tutes

tutes and reports, who practiſes on your eſtate as the other does on your health;—

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim,
For if it be ſo as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, you've got the day!——

HUDIBRAS.

AND yet, perhaps, as ſoon as you are gone, he takes gold of your adverſary to betray your cauſe. There are your ſtateſmen too, who live like fleas by ſucking the blood of the body politic: and here indeed the ſtreams of corruption, that run through all our public offices, were a large field for ſatire; for if all be true that an honeſt bold fellow tells us in a late pamphlet, I do not believe Rome was worſe, when Jugurtha ſaid that, "the city itſelf "would be ſet to ſale, could they hear of a "purchaſer." It were endleſs to enumerate all the particular ſpecies of rogues; both court and camp are filled with them, and at the Exchange every day at two you may meet them in ſwarms. In ſhort, to ſay no more; 'tis a fooliſh and villainous world, and ſo let us rub through it as well as we can, remembering only, that ſome degrees of compliance are requiſite to carry us on ſmoothly. There is an honeſt ſort of hypocriſy, that is the allowed language of all mankind; and this is no other than a general courteſy of behaviour, which will not ſuffer us to ſpeak truth at all times, and

in

in all places. Therefore we muſt not be more honeſt than wiſe, unleſs we are willing to be kicked about the world like foot-balls, that are ſuffered to ſtay with nobody. In the mean time, I think myſelf happy in one whom I dare call my friend, as I hope you will believe, on the other hand, that I am

Yours ſincerely,

and without reſerve,

J. H.

LETTER IV.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. SAMUEL SAY *.

DEAR MR. SAY, London, Nov. 6, 1697.

I MUST confeſs that I took it ſomewhat unkindly to be ſo long neglected by an intimate friend, and one for whom I always had a more than ordinary eſteem: but it is not ſo enormous a crime but I can pardon you on condition that you will ſtand bound to your good behaviour for the future.

* This gentleman, after having been ſome years paſtor of a diſſenting congregation at Ipſwich, ſucceeded Dr. Calamy in Weſtminſter, in the year 1733. Soon after his death, which happened April 12, 1743, ſeveral of his poems and two eſſays in proſe were publiſhed in one volume quarto, by ſubſcription. The latter, one of which is "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers in general," and the other, "on thoſe of Paradiſe Loſt in particular," have been much admired by perſons of taſte and judgment. His only daughter is married to Mr. Toms, a diſſenting miniſter at Hadleigh in Suffolk.

future. And now perhaps by the date of mine you will think, that I deſigned to be even with you; I hope that conjecture will vaniſh, when I tell you, that I came came laſt week out of the country. But, ceremony apart, I give you my hearty thanks for your ingenious paraphraſe, in which you have ſo generouſly reſcued the noble pſalmiſt out of the butcherly hands of Hopkins and Sternhold. Yet at the ſame time you have drawn a bill upon me, which I fear I muſt be forced to pay as they do Exchequer-notes, that is, at ſo much diſcount. However, I hope I have to do with a merciful creditor, who will be willing to compound the debt; and for the coin, I aſſure you 'tis the very choiceſt of my bags. To leave this metaphorical ſtrain, you have here ſomething * in imitation of an author, with whom I am endeavouring daily to grow more acquainted; and I cannot, without ingratitude, omit this occaſion of owning that if I have yet attained any true taſte of him, it is in a great meaſure owing to your judicious converſation, of which I am now ſo unhappily deprived. Such as it is, the ode is yours, for I tranſlated it purpoſely for your ſake, and have had ſuch a reſpect to your judgment, that I have omitted no care to make it as perfect as I am able, and I am ſure you cannot in reaſon expect more from me. I ſhould be very glad if in your next you will tell me the faults I have committed, for it is the firſt time

* Horace, B. 1. Ode 22. See it in Mr. Hughes's poems, vol. i. p. 113.

time I have attempted the Pindarical way. Miſtake not this for a compliment, for as you are one on whoſe judgment I can rely, ſo I declare to you, that you cannot do me a more friendly office. Amalaſont * is not yet upon the ſtage, but I ſuppoſe will be this winter; I am glad you continue to think ſo favourably of it, I mean with reſpect to its morals, for I am clearly of M. Rapin's opinion, "that the reputation of being an honeſt man is to "be preferred to that of a good poet." I am,

Sir, your real friend
and humble ſervant,

J. HUGHES.

LETTER V.

Mr. HUGHES to JONATHAN SMITH, Eſq; §

Occaſioned by his having broke his leg by a fall from his horſe.

DEAR SIR, London, June 19, 1702.

I AM extremely concerned to hear of the unfortunate accident that has befallen you; for I can truly ſay, and hope to be believed, that, next to your

* A tragedy, ſtill in manuſcript, written by Mr. H. at the age of 19.

§ Of Ince Grice (now called Ingreſs) near Greenhithe in Kent, a place once belonging to the priory of Dartford, very agreeably ſituated near the Thames. It was lately the ſeat of John Calcraft, eſq; (deceaſed) member of parliament for Rocheſter.

your relations, I do not think you have any friend who is more ſincerely intereſted for your welfare than myſelf. Misfortunes of this nature will ſometimes happen in ſpite of the greateſt care in the world; and when they do, it is the greateſt happineſs to be well armed with patience, and to be able (as all wiſe men are) ſome way or other to make our advantage of them: and though it is experience purchaſed at a very dear rate, yet when a man has paid the price for it, it would be very hard if he ſhould not gain ſomething at leaſt. Knowledge and wiſdom are properly enough ſaid to be often born of affliction, an offspring painful in the birth, but of the moſt valuable poſſeſſion. Indeed the reaſonings of philoſophers and divines are very idle to one who is in the extremity of pain: but when he is come to himſelf, and at leiſure for reflection, ſuch ſevere admonitions as yours were, do of themſelves preach to him, and offer him rules of prudence: they require him to uſe caution againſt all ſuch ills as may be avoided, and to be prepared againſt ſuch as cannot. They teach him to value himſelf aright; and ſince he finds his body ſubject to a thouſand accidents, to turn his care rather to the noble entertainment and improvement of his mind; to purſue the pleaſures of a rational being, which conſiſt in wiſdom, virtue, and good ſenſe, and to ſtand up with bravery and reſolution, and anſwer the great end of his creation. All this may be done without a man's turning hermit, or forſwearing his innocent pleaſures or diverſions, without forſaking company, or, when he is in it,

appearing

appearing moroſe or preciſe. It will not make him awkward, unfaſhionable, or ſtiff: on the contrary, it will accompliſh him, and make him polite; and I will venture to ſay, that it will not only make him a better man, but a finer gentleman too. I find, Sir, that I am betrayed into a long letter before I was aware: perhaps I have been too officious and talkative; but you will pardon me, ſince I have been only repreſenting to you what I ſuppoſe may have been your own thoughts on this occaſion. I am very glad to underſtand that you are in a good way of recovery: I hoped to have been with you before this time, but I have chains that hold me here ſtill, and will not be broken. As ſoon as I can poſſibly get free, I will haſten down to you, with eagerneſs and affection, to pay the acknowledgments of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER VI.

Mr. HUGHES to the Counteſs Dowager of DONEGALL *.

MADAM,

I SHOULD have ventured to write to your ladyſhip ſooner, to expreſs my concern for the melancholy occaſion of this, and I believe, many other

* This lady (the only daughter and heireſs of John Itchingham of Dunbrody in the county of Wexford, eſq; who was firſt

other letters, if I had not been fearful of increaſing your trouble, and thought it greater reſpect to forbear while it was new. Yet though I have had much affliction of my own, by my father's having been dangerouſly ill above three weeks, and continuing yet very weak, I have not been without a juſt ſenſe of your ladyſhip's, who, by your exceeding goodneſs to others, are entitled to all the returns of ſympathy they can expreſs; and I am ſure, I ſhall always think myſelf concerned in whatever befals a family, for which I have a very great honour, though a ſtranger to that part of it in which it has pleaſed God to make ſo ſad a breach. It would be a very great ſatisfaction to me, if I thought that any thing I could offer, joined with the better aſſiſtance of thoſe who are more capable, could afford your ladyſhip any conſolation in your ſorrow; which, though it has a very great cauſe, might have been much more aggravated, if Providence had not in mercy ſpared more than half the family * to be remaining comforts. And though I am very ſenſible of how little force reaſon is againſt the ſentiments of nature, yet your ladyſhip is ſo good a chriſtian as to be capable

firſt married to Arthur, ſecond earl of Donegall, and was now the wife of Richard Rooth, eſq; of Epſom) had loſt three of her grandchildren, ladies Jane, Frances, and Henrietta Chicheſter, by a fire at Belfaſt in Ireland. Her ladyſhip died in 1743. She conſtantly kept two anniverſary faſts; one on the day when the calamity happened, which occaſioned this letter; the other on the day when her firſt huſband was killed at the ſiege of Barcelona.

* The Earl had two ſons and two daughters left.

pable of a better aid from that excellent religion, whoſe peculiar privilege it is to afford a ſovereign remedy for the worſt of evils by the principle it teaches, that all events are ordered by a wiſe and good being, who always knows and intends what is beſt for us, and will make every thing promote it, if we are not wanting to ourſelves. And ſince we are not left to chance, and know that the Author of our lives has made them equally liable to outward accidents as to inward diſeaſes and decays, and that he has a right to take back what he gave, in ſuch a manner as he thinks fit, I ſubmit it to your ladyſhip's conſideration, whether any ſort of death, how extraordinary ſoever, can be properly called unnatural, or any life ſaid to be cut ſhort which has meaſured its appointed length; and infinite wiſdom only knows whether the continuance of our friends lives would always prove for their or our happineſs, even when we moſt paſſionately deſire it.

THIS I could not but mention, and if your ladyſhip is not partial to your grief, you will attend to theſe arguments of reſignation, with which your own mind can better furniſh you than what I can write. I pray God comfort your ladyſhip, and that honourable perſon who is the more immediate ſufferer.

I AM, with the greateſt reſpect and ſincereſt wiſhes for your ladyſhip's health and that of your whole family, Madam,

Your ladyſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER VII.

JEFFREY GILBERT, Eſq; (afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer *) to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

I HAVE conſidered your Polyxena†, and think it as fine a ſubject to move terror and compaſſion in

* This gentleman (among other things) was author of "an abridgment of Mr. Locke's eſſay on human underſtanding," and of an excellent tranſlation of the 12th ode of the 2d book of Horace. See it (without a name) in "the wits Horace.

† There is a manuſcript tragedy on this ſubject, entitled "The "Captive Princeſs," written by Dr. Smith, in which are ſome fine ſcenes. Of this writer and his work, Dr. Johnſon, in his "Life of Savage," gives the following account: "Mr. Smith, "a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impe- "diment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which "his friends deſigned him, left his own country, and came to "London in queſt of employment, but found his ſolicitations "fruitleſs, and his neceſſities every day more preſſing. In this "diſtreſs he wrote 'a tragedy,' and offered it to the players, "by whom it was rejected. Thus were his laſt hopes defeated, "and he had no other proſpect than that of the moſt deplorable "poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, though "not perfect, at leaſt worthy of ſome reward, and therefore "offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with ſo "much diligence, that the houſe afforded him a conſiderable "ſum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himſelf to the "ſtudy of phyſic, and proſecuted his deſign with ſo much dili- "gence and ſucceſs, that when Dr. Boerhaave was deſired by "the Czarina to recommend proper perſons to introduce into "Ruſſia the practice and ſtudy of phyſic, Dr. Smith was one "of thoſe whom he ſelected. He had a conſiderable penſion "ſettled on him on his arrival, and was afterwards one of the "chief phyſicians at the Ruſſia court." P. 16. note.

in an audience as any I have read; and to make her more ſo, I ſuppoſe you deſign to repreſent her as a pattern of virtue and good ſenſe; for theſe will be great aggravations of her calamity.

And yet I would not behold a calamitous perſon, if I could help it, without being able to account for it to Divine Providence. This, I think, may be done in the caſe of Hecuba, if ſhe, in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act, in bewailing the misfortunes of her family, ſhall be made to acknowledge the injuſtice of the rape of Helen, the injuſtice of deſtroying Achilles during a truce and the overtures for a marriage between him and Polyxena. May not Hecuba acknowledge, that Priam made the guilt of theſe acts his own, by not repairing Menelaus's firſt injury, and by not delivering up the murderer of Achilles, though he was his own ſon, but protecting him from the juſtice of the Grecians? May not Hecuba be made to acknowledge her own part of this injuſtice, in not conſenting, at leaſt, to the laſt reparation? I think, even princes may be brought to confeſs their faults in adverſity, though they are gods, and without fault, in their proſperity. And ſuch a confeſſion in repentance ſhall very much reconcile the benevolence of an audience, though perhaps it will not be thought a ſufficient atonement in ſtrict juſtice. I ſuppoſe you deſign to make Hecuba die, either by her own hand, or ſome other way; and the guilt I have mentioned will be ſufficient to juſtify her death.

If this conduct ſhall be obſerved, there can be no doubt concerning the juſtiee of Hecuba's death, ſince the univerſal law is, *He that ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed*; and whoever ſhall protect a murderer, makes the guilt his own.

Hecuba, in this caſe, cannot but move terror in the audience. Nothing can take off more from the aggravation of Hecuba's guilt, than that the murderer, whom ſhe hath endeavoured to protect, was her own ſon. Though princes ought to do equal juſtice, yet it is very hard for them to put off natural affection; and eſpecially for a woman to lay aſide the mother, that juſtice may be done upon her own ſon; and yet her not doing this is her whole guilt, for which, from a great queen, ſhe is reduced to the condition of a ſlave, and has been ſo unfortunate as to have had her nineteen children, her whole number, deſtroyed; many of them before her face; her huſband too killed; her capital city burnt to aſhes; and nothing left to her but to obey the conqueror. If ſuch a puniſhment, for ſuch an offence, will not ſtrike terror into an audience, nothing can. Will not every one be ready to reaſon thus with himſelf? "Can I be too "careful not to offend, if, for the leaſt offence, "Hecuba ſhall exact ſo ſevere a vengeance?"

At the ſame time, Hecuba muſt needs be a great object of compaſſion. So many calamities, for a crime of which every one is ready to acquit her for the ſake of the circumſtances, muſt make her

her go lamented off the ſtage.—Every one that beholds her calamities will be ready to make them his own.

POLYXENA will be yet a greater object of compaſſion than Hecuba, ſince you are reſolved not only to allow her good ſenſe, but alſo innocence, and all other perſonal virtues. But as far as is conſiſtent with theſe excellent qualities, I believe you will think fit to make her die with juſtice. If, with ſo much merit, ſhe ſhall be made to die unjuſtly, this, inſtead of terror, will be the way to drive the audience to deſpair. Every one will be ready to ſay to himſelf, "What advantage is "there of virtue or innocence, if misfortunes at- "tend alike the innocent and the guilty? If the "greateſt malefactor ſhall be in no more danger, "than the moſt virtuous perſon upon earth."

THIS may be taken care of, ſince *the ſins of the fathers are viſited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.* This is *Divine Juſtice**; at leaſt,

* This text, however, muſt be explained with ſome reſtrictions, as otherwiſe the ſcriptures will not be reconcilable with themſelves, or with our ideas of Divine Juſtice. In this and ſimilar paſſages therefore the Almighty muſt be underſtood as ſpeaking to his people in a collective capacity, conſidered as a government, or ſociety: and again, when, in other parts of ſcripture, he aſſures the Jews that "the ſon ſhall not bear the iniquities of "his father, &c. but the ſoul that ſinneth, it ſhall die," he there appeals to men conſidered as individuals, or ſeparate members of ſociety, whom God never puniſhes but for their own tranſgreſſions. For inſtance, When God, by his prophet, reproves the Jews for uſing this proverb, "Our fathers have eaten ſour "grapes, and the childrens teeth are ſet on edge," and ſays, "that

leaſt, it will be thought good *Poetical Juſtice.* It is notorious, that a whole people ſhall ſometimes be deſtroyed for the crimes of their princes. This is evident in the deſtruction of Troy itſelf; and certainly it is much more reaſonable, that the children of thoſe offending princes ſhould be deſtroyed; that theſe ſhould ſuffer in their neareſt and deareſt relations. This is enough to abate the confidence of the moſt meritorious perſon upon earth; for who can tell, how much ill his father or mother may have deſerved for him? This is enough to make every man place a ſtrict guard over all his own actions, that at leaſt he himſelf may not deſerve the vengeance of heaven upon himſelf and his own children. If this conſideration ſhall engage a man in the purſuit of virtue, and keep him innocent in his own perſon, he will eſteem all the miſeries of human life, and even death itſelf, as only the payment of a debt to nature, and not a puniſhment. The conſciouſneſs of his own innocence will make him ſubmit with patience to every calamity that can befal him.

WHY may not Hecuba, when ſhe has bewailed the miſeries of her family, be made to talk in this manner?

"YET

"that they ſhall never have occaſion to uſe it again," this could be meant of individuals only, becauſe as a ſociety, the Jews had occaſion to uſe it both before and ſince. Before, in the reign of Joſiah, who, righteous as he was, could not avert the wrath which the crimes of Manaſſeh had kindled: and ſince, at the ſiege of Jeruſalem, in their preſent diſperſion, &c. And the reaſon of it is this: nations as ſuch will not ſubſiſt in the other world, and therefore the crimes which nations have committed, in their collective capacity, muſt be puniſhed in this world, or not at all.

" Yet ſtill the gods have preſerved Polydore
" and Polyxena, to alleviate thy misfortunes.
" And why, Hecuba, to alleviate thy misfortunes?
" Has Priam loſt his empire, and ſo many ſons
" and daughters, for countenancing the rape of
" Paris? Did he at laſt loſe his own life for pro-
" tecting this very Paris, and not ſurrendering
" him to the Grecians for the murder of Achilles,
" during the time of truce, contrary to the faith
" of a treaty, and while a marriage was ſolemniſ-
" ing between him and Polyxena? And didſt not
" thou alſo, Hecuba, concur in protecting thy
" ſon from juſtice after that barbarous murder!
" What then has Priam deſerved, that thou haſt not
" deſerved? And why ſhouldſt thou expect a leſs
" puniſhment than he has ſuffered? Or if thou
" ſhalt be ſuffered to live, will not life itſelf be
" thy greateſt puniſhment? With what comfort
" canſt thou then reflect upon the misfortunes of
" thy family, the loſs of empire, of ſo many ſons
" and daughters, and, laſtly, of thy huſband?
" How wilt thou endure to ſee the chaſte, the
" virtuous Polyxena, forced to the bed of Ulyſſes,
" and treated with perpetual ſcorn and inſults by
" Penelope? But Ulyſſes has promiſed that thou
" ſhalt be to him inſtead of a mother, and that
" Polyxena ſhall be the wife of his Telemachus.
" But perhaps theſe are promiſes to allure us to
" ſurvive the ruin of our family, and which are
" not likely to be performed, when we are once
" arrived at Ithaca. But if theſe are deluſive
" promiſes, Ulyſſes will at leaſt conſent to our
" ranſom; and hither, to this very court of Po-

" lymeſtor, my youngeſt, and now my only ſon,
" Polydore, was ſent by Priam with an immenſe
" treaſure, while yet Troy was in being, that he
" might be able to aſſiſt his family upon any mis-
" fortune. O Hecuba! theſe laſt, theſe only
" hopes will fail. The gods intend no good to
" thee. Yet why more evils to Polyxena? Is
" ſhe to ſuffer too for the crimes of Paris? Did
" ſhe conſent to the rape of Helen, or the mur-
" der of Achilles?"

And why may not Polyxena reply as follows?

" THOUGH I did not indeed conſent to the
" rape of Helen, or the murder of Achilles, am I
" ſecure from the wrath of heaven? Have
" the gods deſtroyed innocent ſubjects for the
" offences of their princes, and ſhall not the
" guilty princes themſelves be puniſhed in the
" deſtruction of their deareſt relations? Is Troy
" now in aſhes, and the whole people maſſacred,
" becauſe the father and mother prevailed for the
" protection of a ſon? and ſhall the ſons and
" daughters of Priam and Hecuba eſcape? Are
" ſo many of my brothers and ſiſters deſtroyed
" for this cauſe? And can Polydore and Polyxena
" hope to be exempted from the ſame calamity?
" It was not Hecuba, no nor Priam, who raviſhed
" Helen from Menelaus; they did not murder
" Achilles at the holy altar; they only protected
" the raviſher and murderer from juſtice: he was
" their ſon, and nature pleaded ſtrongly in his de-
" fence. Yet what dreadful calamities have they

" ſuffered

" ſuffered on his account? How many of my
" brothers and ſiſters have died in this quarrel?
" What vaſt numbers of innocent ſubjects have
" been maſſacred? And can I and Polydore hope
" to eſcape? Perhaps the vengeance of the gods
" may ſtop here; perhaps Ulyſſes will perform
" his promiſe, and I ſhall be the wife of Tele-
" machus: but of this be aſſured; I will never
" proſtitute myſelf to the unlawful embraces of
" Ulyſſes; Penelope ſhall never triumph over me
" on this account. If ſhe ſhould, I ſhall eſteem
" every evil that befals me, a juſt puniſhment
" from the gods for my own offences: but, ſo
" long as I can preſerve my innocence and my
" virtue, I ſhall think all the calamities of my
" life, and even death itſelf, to be only the
" payment of a debt to nature; and, if I muſt
" be miſerable, I will, at leaſt, have this ſatisfac-
" tion, that no other perſon ſhall be made miſe-
" rable by my offences."

WHAT if after this, and before the third ſcene of the firſt act, Ulyſſes be introduced, giving freſh aſſurances of comfort to Hecuba and Polyxena?

WHAT if, in the ſecond ſcene of the ſecond act, Polyxena confeſſes, that Polymeſtor has been making love to her, and that ſhe has not given any encouragement to his ſuit, both on account of her ſuſpicions of his having dealt unfairly by Polydore, and becauſe ſhe will not deal unfairly with Ulyſſes, who has yet given her no

reaſon to ſuſpect the affair of Telemachus. Some ſuch reaſon muſt be aſſigned for her refuſing Polymeſtor; otherwiſe, conſidering that Polyxena is in a ſtate of ſlavery, and Polymeſtor a great king, ſhe will be thought too great a fool to raiſe compaſſion. Yet her concluſion may be, that ſhe will keep Polymeſtor in ſuſpence till he ſhall produce her brother. ———

JEFF. GILBERT.

LETTER VIII.

THOMAS SERGEANT, Eſq; to Mr. HUGHES. Part of a letter.

Maldon in Eſſex, April 12, 1709.

——I AM glad the Abbé St. Reäl diverted you ſo well as you tell me. He was certainly a very agreeable and gallant man, or he had never had the honour of ſerving the late dutcheſs of Mazarin in the ſame quality that M. St. Evremont afterwards ſucceeded. But for his veracity as a writer of hiſtory, I know there is no depending on him. He pleaſes, and that is his deſign, but I can aſſure you, from a more authentic hiſtorian, Cabrera *, whom he quotes, that Don Carlos † was a quite different perſon than what he repreſents him.

I HAVE

* Lewis of Cordona, a captain of foot. He wrote the hiſtory of Philip II. king of Spain.

† Son of Philip II. and Mary of Portugal. Being of a violent temper, and having formed a deſign of joining the malecontents

I HAVE not yet ſeen nor heard any thing of "Ben. Hoadly's reply ‡." Our friend the *Tatler*, under the notion of Mr. Powell at the Bath §, has, in my mind, entered into the depth of the argument in diſpute, and given a complete anſwer to all that the Rev. Biſhop either can or will ſay upon the ſubject *; and Ben ſhould have reſerved his lordſhip to be *mumbled*, as he callls it, by Mr. Bickerſtaff, as his lordſhip had threatened him with that uſage, from

malecontents in the Low Countries, the king his father cauſed him to be apprehended and confined, which ſo enraged him, that, after eating voraciouſly of all that was ſet before him, he ſwallowed a great quantity of cold water, which brought on a dyſentery, that killed him. This is the account given by Moroſini, the Venetian hiſtorian, and agrees with that of Cabrera. The French hiſtorians have confidently aſſerted that he was poiſoned, or ſtrangled, by order of his father. See Pierre Matthieu hiſt. de France, oeuvres de St. Evremond, dict. de Moreri, &c.

‡ To the biſhop of Exeter's anſwer to his "conſiderations "on his lordſhip's ſermon before the queen, March 8, "1708-9."

§ See a letter from Mr. Powell to Mr. Bickerſtaff, in the "Tatler," vol. 1. numb. 50.

* The letter-writer here ſeems to allude to Biſhop Blackall's peeviſh expreſſions in the concluſion of his "anſwer" (from Bath) to Mr. Hoadly's "conſiderations," viz. "If your reply "ſhall be about original contracts, revolutions, &c. I tell you "plainly, that I 'an't at leiſure, nor I ſhan't be at leiſure, nor I "won't be at leiſure, to write to you ſo much as one ſingle "line about any ſuch matters."

the worthy author of Timothy and Philautus *. ——

I am, dear Mr. Hughes,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

THO. SERGEANT.

LETTERS IX. and X.

Two LETTERS (by Mr. HUGHES) deſigned for the TATLER. Now firſt printed.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

AS you have been very uſeful to the public by your knowledge of human nature, and are doubtleſs no leſs ſkilled in phyſic than in aſtrology, it would not be foreign from your ſtudies if you would, ſome time or other, favour us with a diſſertation upon fevers, of which, it ſeems, there are ſo many kinds, that the phyſicians about this town uſually diſcover a new one every year, and eſpecially in the ſpring, when the blood runs high, and the humours are moſt predominant. One of the moſt particular I have read of, is that which

* The ingenious dialogue here mentioned was entitled "Timothy and Philatheus," (not "Philautus") in which "the principles and projects of a late whimſical book, entitled, "The rights of the chriſtian church, &c.' (by Dr. Tindal) "are fairly ſtated and anſwered in their kinds, written by "a layman." Printed at London in 3 vols. 8vo. 1709. Mr. Oldiſworth was the author.

which Lucian deſcribes in the introduction to his "diſcourſe upon hiſtory," which had a very odd original. It was begun by one Archelaus, a player, who, in the theatre at Abdera, with a loud voice and vehement action, performed a part in the Andromeda of Euripides, which ſtruck the eyes and ears of his audience ſo forcibly, that their blood was put into a ferment by it, and great numbers of them ſeized with fevers. In the height of the diſtemper, they fell into a kind of poetical agitations, in which they mimicked Archelaus's action, and repeated the verſes in his part, ſo that in a few days the whole town rung with heroics, till the next fit of cold weather reduced them once more to proſe and their ſenſes.

I HAVE the rather mentioned this remarkable caſe, becauſe I do not find it in any books of the phyſicians, though ſome of them have very learnedly treated on another ſort of fever, cauſed by a little Italian inſect called the Tarantula. Perhaps muſic, which is found to be the only remedy for the latter, might have been effectual againſt the other too, and may afford relief in many like caſes: and whether an art which has ſo perſuaſive an influence on the ſpirits, and is able to charm down the intemperance of paſſion, and lull the mind into ſerenity and pleaſure, might not, on ſome occaſions, be made beneficial in the ſtate, and become a public good, as well as entertainment, is another ſpeculation which is likewiſe

wiſe left to your thoughts, when you ſhall think proper, by, Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

MADAM,

MY duty as Cenſor, with my profeſſed care of the tender ſex, and the humour of an old man who is fond of giving advice, are the reaſons why I ſend you this letter.

I AM informed by Pacolet (my familiar) that you are one of the moſt amiable of your ſex, which gives me much concern for you, eſpecially ſince I underſtand that your conduct is divided and wavering between love and reſpect, and that you want no charm but one, which is that of being fixed, and delivered from the uncertainty of a various inclination. Of two candidates for your favour, by what I can judge, you ſeem to reſolve that one ſhall never have your heart, but not know it; and that the other ſhall know he has it, but not be the better for it.

THOUGH I write to you in ſpectacles, I am not ſo old yet, Madam, as to have forgot that this was once my own caſe with a lady, for whom I had ſo great a paſſion, that, after ſhe had given me to underſtand I had her affections, ſhe thought ſhe might uſe me as ſhe pleaſed. And being perſuaded to entertain a man ſhe deſpiſed,

deſpiſed, ſhe was ſo nicely civil, that, becauſe ſhe hated him, ſhe would not deny him, and knowing ſhe might be free with me, who both loved her, and was beloved by her, ſhe yielded to the importunity of her relations, and married him. By which means I have long continued an unfortunate batchelor, and ſhe a joyleſs wife, with all the cares of a married ſtate, and none of the ſatisfactions.

THERE is no need to adviſe a woman of your ſenſe what uſe to make of this example, but if it has the weight with you which I wiſh it may, you will not be at a loſs how to fix your happineſs, and perhaps you may hereafter remember with ſatisfaction

Your faithful monitor,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

LETTER XI.

M. HUGHES a Signor CAVALIERO NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO, Tower, le 4me du Fevrier, 1709-10.

DEPUIS que j'ai eu l'honneur d'être chez vous à la repetition de l' opera *, j'ai diné avec

* "Calpyſo and Telemachus," an Engliſh opera, by Mr. Hughes (ſee his poems, vol. ii. p. 19.) ſet to muſic by Mr. Galliard, performed at the queen's theatre in the Haymarket in 1712,

Mr. Steele, et la converſation roulante ſur vous, je lui dis la maniere obligeante dont je vous avois ou parler de Mr. Bickerſtaff, en diſant que vous aviez beaucoup d' inclination â etudier l'Anglois pour avoir ſeulement le plaiſir de lire le *Tatler*. Il trouve que votre compliment à l' auteur du *Tatler* eſt fort galant.

Et comme je m'eſtimerois heureux de pouvoir vous encourager dans cette inclination d' apprendre notre langue, je vous demande la permiſſion de

1712, and revived, ſome years after, at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Mr. Addiſon, in the "Spectator" (numb. 405) ſpeaking of the juſt applauſe given this opera by Sig. Nicolini, (who, he ſays, "was the greateſt performer in dramatic muſic "that perhaps ever appeared on a ſtage,") has theſe words: "The town is highly obliged to that excellent artiſt for having ſhown us the Italian muſic in its perfection, as well as "for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of "our own country, in which the compoſer endeavoured to do "juſtice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble "example which has been ſet him by the greateſt foreign "maſters in that art." Such was at that time the partiality in favour of Italian operas, that after many ſuch had been encouraged by large ſubſcriptions, this of "Calypſo and Telemachus," originally written and ſet in Engliſh after the Italian manner, was prepared with the uſual expence of ſcenes and decorations; and being much crowded and applauded at the rehearſals; a ſubſcription was obtained for it as uſual. This alarmed the whole Italian band, who apprehending that their harveſt would ſoon be at an end, had intereſt enough (the Duke of Shrewſbury, whoſe Ducheſs was an Italian, being then Lord Chamberlain) to procure an order, the day before the performing this opera, to take off the ſubſcription for it, and to open the houſe at the loweſt prices, or not at all. It was, however, performed, though under ſo great diſcouragement; and was revived, ſome years after, at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

de vous faire un preſent du *Miſantrope** en Anglois, que vous pouvez lire avec l' original; et qu' etant une traduction que j'ai fait moi-même, vous me ferez beaucoup d' honneur d' accepter. Je ſuis ſenſible qu' il ne ſera jamais en mon pouvoir de vous procurer la centieme partie du plaiſir que je reſſens de vous entendre, et de vous connoître. Mais je tâcherai au moins de vous faire voir, que je ſuis, avec tout le reſpect poſſible,

Sig. Cavaliero,

Vôtre tres humble & tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,

J. HUGHES.

TRANSLATED.

Mr. HUGHES to Signor NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO,

SINCE I had the honour of being with you at the rehearſal of the opera, I dined with Mr. Steele, and the converſation turning on you, I mentioned to him the obliging manner in which I had heard you ſpeak of Mr. Bickerſtaff, by ſaying that you had a great inclination to ſtudy Engliſh merely for the pleaſure of reading the *Tatler*. He thinks your compliment to the author of the *Tatler* very polite.

AND

* This tranſlation was then juſt publiſhed, and has been ſince reprinted with Moliere's other plays tranſlated by Ozell. But no notice is taken by what hand it was tranſlated, and Mr. Hughes's judicious preface is there omitted.

AND as I ſhould eſteem myſelf happy in being able to encourage you in this inclination of learning our language, I beg leave to preſent you with the *Miſantrope* in Engliſh; which you may read with the original, and which being a tranſlation of my own, you will do me a great honour by accepting it. I am ſenſible that it will never be in my power to give you the hundredth part of the pleaſure which I have felt by hearing and being acquainted with you; but I will endeavour at leaſt to convince you, that I am, with all poſſible reſpect,

Sig. Cavaliero,

Your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

J. HUGHES.

LETTER XII.

M. RONER a M. HUGHES.

MONSIEUR, Ce Mardi, 31 Juillet, 1712.

AYANT reçu ce matin une lettre de Monſ. Hendel*, j'ai crû ne devoir pas manquer à vous en

* This great maſter (who was born at Hall in Upper Saxony, Feb. 24, 1684,) arrived at London in the winter preceding the date of this letter. There cannot be a more eminent proof of Mr. Hughes's acknowledged ſkill in the two ſiſter arts than his been ſo ſoon noticed and diſtinguiſhed by this modern Orpheus, who, probably in conſequence of this introduction, compoſed Mr. Hughes "cantata of Venus and Adonis." Mr. Handel (as he afterwards ſpelt his name) returned to Hanover in the winter following,

en communiquer auſſitot un extrait qui vous regarde, et qui eſt une réponſe au compliment dont vous m' aviez bien voulu charger. Je lui ecrirai vendredi prochaine, ainſi vous n'aurez, ſi vous plait, qu' à m' envoyer ce que vous avez deſtiné pour lui; et je puis, Monſieur, vous aſſurer, que ſi l' honneur de vôtre ſouvenir lui fait un ſenſible plaiſir, je n'en ſens pas moins par le moyen que j'aurai par là de faciliter votre correſpondence, et de vous donner une preuve de la conſideration extréme, avec laquelle j'ai l' honneur d' être,

Monſieur, vôtre tres humble
& tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,
A. RONER.

LETTER XIII.

Extrait de la Lettre de M. HENDEL.

——FAITES bien mes complimens à Monſ. Hughes. Je prendrai la liberté de lui ecrire avec la premiere occaſion. S'il me veut cependant honorer

following, came back to England in 1712, and fixed his reſidence here for the remainder of his life. His abilities in his profeſſion are univerſally known, and (till "the Goths prevail") will always be admired and felt. "In his character," ſays an excellent writer, "whatever there was wrong, there was nothing "mean; though he was proud, his pride was uniform; he was "not by turns a tyrant and a ſlave, a cenſor in one place, and "a ſycophant in another; he maintained his liberty in a ſtate "in which others would have been vain of dependence; he was "liberal even when he was poor, and remembered his former "friends when he was rich." He died April 6, 1759.

honorer de ſes ordres, et d'y ajouter une de ſes charmantes poeſies en Anglois, il me fera la plus ſenſible grace. J'ai fait, depuis que je ſuis parti de vous, quelque progrés dans cette langue, &c.——

TRANSLATED.

Mr. Roner to Mr. Hughes.

SIR, Tueſday, July 31, 1711.

HAVING received this morning a letter from Mr. Handel, I thought it my duty to ſend you as ſoon as poſſible an extract of it, which relates to you, in anſwer to the compliment which you conveyed by me. I ſhall write to him next Friday, ſo you need only ſend me, if you pleaſe, what you intend for him, and I can aſſure you, Sir, that if the honour of your acquaintance is particularly pleaſing to him, I am no leſs pleaſed with being the means of promoting your correſpondence, and of giving you a proof of the extreme regard, with which I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

Extract from Mr. Handel's Letter.

——PRESENT my beſt compliments to Mr. Hughes. I will take the liberty of writing to him the firſt opportunity. If, in the mean time, he

he will honour me with his commands, and add to them one of his charming Engliſh poems, he will lay me under the greateſt obligations. Since I left you, I have made ſome progreſs in that language, &c.———

LETTER XIV.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, 1711.

MR. CLAYTON and I deſire you, as ſoon as you can conveniently, to alter this poem * for muſic, preſerving as many of Dryden's words and verſes as you can. It is to be performed by a voice well ſkilled in recitative, but you underſtand all theſe matters much better than

Your affectionate and humble ſervant,

R. STEELE.

LET-

* "Alexander's feaſt, or the power of muſic, an ode for St. "Cecilia's day." Mr. Steele and Mr. Clayton had at that time concerts of muſic in York-buildings. Agreeably to their requeſt, Mr. Hughes made ſeveral alterations in that admired ode. See his poems, vol. ii. p. 71. But what his opinion was of the muſic both of that and of "Sapho's ode by Philips," will appear from the following letter. The honour of doing juſtice to Dryden, as well as to Milton, was reſerved for Handel, who compoſed "Alexander's feaſt" in 1736.

"It is to be regretted, ſays Dr. Warton" &c. in his Eſſay on Pope, "that Mr. Handel has not ſet to muſic, "Pope's "'ode,' as well as Dryden's." But ſhould it not be obſerved, that that excellent poet, as well as judge of muſic, Mr. Hughes, was the firſt who altered Alexander's feaſt for muſic?

"Monthly review, vol. xiv. p. 529.

LETTER XV.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. STEELE.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE you have aſked my opinion about the muſic, I take it for granted you would have me give it you; and therefore I will ſhow how faithfully I intend always to obey you, in doing it with a freedom, which I would be loth to uſe to one for whom I had leſs friendſhip, and in whoſe candour and integrity I did not think myſelf ſafe.

I SHALL therefore, without taking any hints from others, juſt give you ſome few obſervations which occurred to me as well as I could judge upon the firſt hearing.

THAT which ſeems to me to ſtrike moſt are the prelude-baſes, ſome of which are very well fancied; but I am afraid they are in themſelves too long, eſpecially when repeated; for prelude-baſes are only to begin the ſubject of the air, and do not ſhow any compoſition (which conſiſts in the union of parts) ſo that if they are not artfully worked afterwards with the voice-part, they are no proof of ſkill, but only of invention.

THE ſymphonies in many places ſeem to me perplexed, and not made to purſue any ſubject or point.

THE

THE laſt air of Sappho begins too chearfully for the ſenſe of the words. As well as I can gueſs, without ſeeing the ſcore, it is in D ſharp, from which it varies (in another movement of time) into B flat 3d, and ſo ends, without returning to the ſame key either flat or ſharp. This being one continued air (though in two movements of time) let ſome maſter be aſked, Whether it is allowable (I am ſure, it it not uſual) to begin an air in one key ſharp, and end it in a different key flat? For though the paſſage is natural, the cloſing ſo is, I believe, always diſallowed.

THE overture of Alexander ought to be great and noble; inſtead of which, I find only a hurry of the inſtruments, not proper (in my poor opinion) and without any deſign, or fugue, and, I am afraid, perplexed and irregular in the compoſition, as far as I have any ideas or experience. Enquire this of better judgments.

THE duet of Bacchus is chearful, and has a good effect; but that beginning "*Cupid, Phœbus*, &c." I cannot think, ſhows any art, and is in effect no more than a ſingle air. Nothing ſhows both genius and learning more than this ſort of compoſition, the chief beauty of which conſiſts in giving each voice different points, and making thoſe points work together, and interchange regularly and ſurpriſingly, or one point following itſelf in both the voices, in a kind of canon, as it is called. Theſe artfulneſſes, when well executed, give infinite delight to the ear; but that which I have

have mentioned is not formed after thoſe deſigns, but where the voices join, they move exactly together in plain counterpoint, which ſhows little more than a ſingle air.

I THINK the words in general naturally enough expreſſed, and, in ſome places, pathetically: but, becauſe you ſeem to think this the whole myſtery of ſetting, I take this opportunity to aſſure you that it is as poſſible to expreſs words naturally and pathetically in very faulty compoſition as it is to hit a likeneſs in a bad picture. If the muſic in ſcore, without the words, does not prove itſelf by the rules of compoſition, which relate to the harmony and motion of different notes at the ſame time, the notes in the ſinging parts will not ſuffice, though they expreſs the words ever ſo naturally. This is properly the art of compoſition, in which there is room to ſhow admirable ſkill, abſtracted from the words; and in which the rules for the union of ſounds are a kind of ſyntaxis, from which no one is allowed to err. I do not apply this laſt particular to any thing, but only to give you a general idea of what is compoſition. Yet, upon the whole, as far as I am able to judge, the muſic of Sappho and Alexander, though in ſome places agreeable, will not pleaſe maſters.

HAVING thus given you my thoughts freely and impartially (in which perhaps I may be miſtaken) I will truſt your good ſenſe for the uſe that may be made of this; and I beg it may not prejudice me with Mr. Clayton or yourſelf, and that you

you will not let him know of this, but only inform yourſelf farther from others, on the hints here given.

I SHOULD not, you may be ſure, give you or myſelf this trouble, but that I do not know how far it may concern your intereſt to be rightly informed, which is the only regard I have in ſhowing you this way how much I am,

Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XVI.

ALEXANDER BAYNE, Eſq; * to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's-Inn, Nov. 20, 1711.

AFTER you left me on Saturday night, I took up the *Spectator* of the Wedneſday before †, which had made a part of our converſation, and having carefully conſidered it, I am ſtill the more of your opinion, that the letter which he inſerts is not fully anſwered. I am therefore tempted to ſend you ſome thoughts which occurred to me on that ſubject, thinking perhaps they might contain ſome hints which you may poſſibly improve into a proper anſwer to that admirable letter.

* Barriſter at law, and afterwards profeſſor of the municipal law in the univerſity of Edinburgh. He died in 1736.

† See vol. ii. numb. 222.

ter. I could not but take notice, that all he ſays to account for that inconſiſtency in behaviour of thoſe gentlemen who have the juſteſt notions of life, &c. terminates in telling us, that the ſlower part of mankind are more immediately formed for buſineſs, which is an interruption to men addicted to delights. Now this can never be brought to bear; for we have innumerable inſtances of men of the greateſt vivacity, and who have the moſt lively taſte of delights, that have ſhown a great application to buſineſs, as well civil as domeſtic. And if there is any material difference between them and the ſlower part of mankind in this point, it conſiſts chiefly in this, that the men of a lively, briſk imagination are apt to make too great haſte in things which require a greater exactneſs, and are more laborious than entertaining. But to find out the ſource of this great evil complained of in the letter, I am very apt to think we muſt go back, and enquire into the meaſures that have been uſed in one's education. If we can find it there, it is plain the intention of the letter may be anſwered, which is to apply a proper remedy.

THERE is nothing more certain and obvious, from common experience, than that the knowledge of rules, and the ready application of them, are two diſtinct things, and attainable by the ſame perſon by different means. The firſt is the object of our intellectual faculties only; but the laſt, or that addreſs or facility of reducing our knowledge into practice, is in a great meaſure mechanical. There is a habitude attainable only by repeated

acts,

acts, which render the execution of any practical thing easy, which we ought to be made acquainted with in our youth, by a proper application to such things as are then suitable to our capacity, but have some analogy with what is to follow, that the habitude may grow up with us, and be gradually directed to more proper objects as we advance in years.—Thus it is very conceivable, that an ingenious man, from his own observations, may be able to read a fine lecture of œconomy, but absolutely unfit to show an example of it in his own person, if a careful parent or tutor has not early initiated him into little acts of industry, when he laid the first foundations of his education.—I only give you here a sketch of the thought that offered itself to me; but if it has any good foundation in reason, a very beautiful scheme may be drawn from it for education in general. I am, with very great esteem and friendship,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

AL. BAYNE.

LETTER XVII.

DAVID MERCATOR, Esq; * to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, May 22, 1712.

I FEARED the fatigue you were obliged to undergo would have some ill effects on you, which I am

* This gentleman, who had a place in the office of ordnance, was unfortunately killed, some years after, together with several other

I am the more concerned for, becauſe you may make yourſelf worſe by thinking this time calls more for your perſonal attendance than hitherto: but indeed I have leſs trouble on that account than for your fever; becauſe I am ſatisfied your opera* is ſo well received by all the beſt of both ſexes, that you neither will nor can loſe any thing by a want of your preſence, either before, or on Saturday evening.

I READ your opera on Monday morning, before ſeven, at the ſurveyor's † at Wallington, with extreme delight. All the parts of it are pleaſing. The method of the ſtory, the eaſy neatneſs of the ſtile, the aptneſs and vivacity of the ſongs, the conciſeneſs of well-choſen words, (to give the more liberty to the muſician to diſplay his artful harmony, without tiring the audience,) and yet clearneſs of good ſenſe, you muſt give me leave to own, I think, wonderfully fine and taking. And ſo they ſeemed to be to the ſurveyor, for he expreſſed, by his looks, and bright twinkling of his eyes, a pleaſing ſatisfaction, which made his approbation

other perſons, by a miſcarriage in the caſting of a large braſs cannon at a foundery in Bunhill-fields. Some damp getting to the mold, blew up the melted metal among the ſpectators. The prince of Wales (afterwards king George II.) and the princeſs were to have been preſent, had they not been providentially prevented. The gun itſelf was kept at Woolwich-warren within theſe few years, and perhaps is there ſtill.

* "Calypſo and Telemachus."

† Mr. Bridges, ſurveyor-general of the ordnance.

probation drop from him in natural words eaſier than they uſually do*.

I SHALL perform your commands to him by letter, but fear I ſhall not ſee him till Tueſday or Wedneſday, being to attend a proof of great guns at Woolwich on Saturday.....

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate moſt humble ſervant,

DAVID MERCATOR.

LETTER XVIII.

A LETTER deſigned for the SPECTATOR. Now firſt printed.

SIR, 1712.

AFTER the encouragement you have ſhown to muſical entertainments of Engliſh compoſition, I perſuade myſelf you will approve of the endeavours of the gentlemen who attempt to bring an Engliſh opera† upon the ſtage, and contribute towards the ſupporting of ſo laudable an undertaking, againſt the affectation of ſome, and the prejudice of others, who have declared againſt it. I ſhall therefore take leave to lay before you what is objected to it, and obſerve a little upon it.

Now

* Mr. B. had a heſitation in his ſpeech.

† "Calypſo and Telemachus."

Now that Mr. Nicolini is to leave us *, and that his not performing can be no greater objection againſt an Engliſh opera, than againſt operas in general; the only one that is inſiſted on, is, that the poetry is Engliſh. A hard matter indeed! That the very argument which every reaſonable man would make uſe of to promote a thing ſhould be turned againſt it.

I READILY grant that the ſoft and open pronunciation of the Italian language favours muſic in general more than ours does; but ſtill our own is not ſo wanting in that particular, but the defect may be ſo well ſupplied by a ſkilful poet, that the difference there is will be more than balanced by hearing words that give us agreeable ideas; inſtead of brute ſyllables that can give us Engliſhmen no idea at all. And here I cannot but obſerve, that as every ſcene in an opera is not to ſhow the lover and his miſtreſs, it may frequently happen, that the majeſty of ſome Engliſh words will appear to be more agreeable to the muſic, as being more proper to the ſubject, than the ſoftneſs of the Italian; for our ſenſes are never ſo elegantly gratified as when our reaſon has a ſhare in the entertainment.

THERE are ſome perſons who have acquired a certain cant, that the muſic is the only thing to be regarded in an opera, not conſidering that there is an inſeparable connection between the beauties in the

* See the "Spectator," vol. vi. numb. 405.

the muſic and thoſe of the poetry. I would have ſuch therefore informed, that in dramatic muſic the greateſt beauty lies in the expreſſion; which, whether effected by the movement of the parts, or by the modulation of the harmony, is that in muſic which affects our paſſions, when juſtly adapted and applied to words impreſſing ideas on the imagination which are apt to raiſe them. And thus the united force of poetry and muſic, exerting itſelf on the imagination, produces in the hearer a ſtronger perception, than would ariſe from the ideas raiſed ſingly by the muſic. If, therefore, the muſic demands at leaſt words of known ſignification, whereby it may diſplay its greateſt beauty, it is evident, that in the Italian operas we do not hear, in its perfection, that, for whoſe ſake alone we introduced them. And let us conſider now what a ſtrange deſcription it would be of a public diverſion of the polite part of a whole nation, to ſay that it was ſuch, that the muſic in it was the only entertainment, the poetry being in an unknown language, whereby the great beauty of the muſic too lay concealed. The reaſon that ſo few have had any taſte of the recitative-muſic, may be eaſily collected from what I have ſaid, ſince it had nothing to recommend it but the expreſſion of the muſic, which I have ſhown was loſt to us. But were we once made acquainted with this particular ſtile, by having it ſet forth to us with all the charms of Engliſh verſe, we ſhall, no doubt, as commonly hear a tune-catcher humming over to himſelf a piece of recitative as he now does an air.

THUS far in anſwer to thoſe who place the ſole entertainment of an opera in the muſic; but, for my part, I think we ought to expect ſomething from the poetry too, and I cannot but think that an Engliſh opera, well written and agreeable to the rules of dramatic poetry, would be no ſmall addition to the entertainment.

MY intention is not to enlarge in praiſe of this new opera of "Calypſo and Telemachus," nor to engage you to recommend it further to the town, than that they would, without prejudice, give it as fair a hearing as they are uſed to give to a new Italian opera, ſince thus much, at leaſt, we owe, in common juſtice, to the gentleman of a foreign nation *, who has been at ſo much pains to reconcile us to our own language, as to preſent us with an opera in it. And upon that condition I ſhall gladly leave his performance to ſhift for itſelf.

WHEN I conſider that I am writing to a man of your philoſophy, I cannot but obſerve, on this occaſion, how much more invincible are the prejudices of our advanced years than thoſe of our youth. Theſe are only the wrong notions of our education, which, upon better information, we are ready to give up, no one judging it an imputation to have it thought he wanted judgment to make a right choice when he was a boy. But thoſe are the acquirements of our manhood, which our vanity ſecures againſt all attacks, and renders impregnable: for, in this particular, ſuch is its dominion

* Mr. Galliard.

minion over us, that, even after conviction, we would ſeem ſtill to entertain the falſe opinion, vainly flattering ourſelves, that while we appear not to be conſcious of our error, the world therein can never diſcover our folly.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Apr. 24, 1713.

THIS is to acquaint you that I am forced to practiſe a great piece of ſelf-denial. In ſhort, I muſt deprive my play * of the noble ornament you deſigned for it. My friends, who all of them concur with me in admiring your beautiful copy of verſes, are however of opinion, that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity; and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I muſt take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will riſe on courſe upon me. Beſides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems upon the ſame occaſion, and one or two from perſons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the ſame time that I print any other. I know your good ſenſe and friendſhip towards me will not let you put a wrong interpretation on this matter; and I am ſure I

* "Cato."

need not tell you with how much ſincerity and eſteem I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged and
moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER XX.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Apr. 25, 1713.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind letter. The warm expreſſions of friendſhip in it give me a much more ſenſible pleaſure than any I could receive from the approbation of my verſes. I confeſs, when I wrote them, I had no thoughts of your printing them; and though nothing would flatter me ſo much in the making them public, as the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my name with yours, yet I am one of thoſe friends who think your preſent reſolution perfectly right, and entirely acquieſce in your reaſons *. I cannot but applaud at the ſame time your chaſte enjoyment of fame, which I think equally above envy and incapable of receiving any addition.

I am, with all poſſible eſteem,
Sir, your moſt affectionate and
moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN HUGHES.

* Theſe verſes, with ſeveral others, were however prefixed to all the ſubſequent editions of "Cato." But none from "perſons of quality" appeared among them.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. POPE to the Rev. Mr. BERKELEY *.

DEAR SIR, Sunday.

MY lord biſhop † was very much concerned at miſſing you yeſterday: he deſired me to engage you and myſelf to dine with him this day, but I

* Afterwards the juſtly celebrated biſhop of Cloyne. This letter, though without a date, muſt have been written in the year 1713, when the author, by the means of Swift, firſt became acquainted with Mr. Berkeley who was then in England, in his way to Italy, as chaplain to the earl of Peterborough, ambaſſador to Sicily and the Italian ſtates. His letters to Pope from Leghorn and Naples (ſee that poet's "works," 12°. vol. 8, p. 264, 277, and 289.) make us regret that there are only three of them. During his abſence, Trinity-college, Dublin, of which he was then one of the ſenior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by diploma. Dr. Berkeley returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1724 was advanced to the deanery of Derry, where he was no ſooner ſettled, than he formed a plan for the promotion of religion and learning in America, by eſtabliſhing a college in the iſlands of Bermuda. With this benevolent and truly chriſtian view, having obtained a royal charter, the dean ſet ſail for Rhode iſland in Sept. 1728. But not finding himſelf ſupported, in this laudable deſign, by thoſe who alone could render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731, and in 1733 was advanced to the biſhopric of Cloyne. His lordſhip died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, Jan. 14, 1753 (having ſettled there a few months before, to ſuperintend the education of his ſon) and was interred in Chriſt-church cathedral, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory, with as elegant an epitaph by Dr. Markham, now biſhop of Cheſter.

To Cato Virgil paid one honeſt line.
Pope never wrote a truer than that which does juſtice to Berkeley.

was unluckily pre-engaged. And (upon my telling him I ſhould carry you out of town to-morrow, and hoped to keep you till the end of the week), he has deſired that we will not fail to dine with him the next Sunday, when he will have no other company.

I WRITE you this, to intreat you will provide yourſelf of linen and other neceſſaries, ſufficient for the week; for as I take you to be almoſt the only friend I have, that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tuſculum, becauſe I can aſſure you it is no leſs yours, and hope you'll uſe it as your own country villa, the enſuing ſeaſon.

I am, faithfully yours,

A. POPE.

† Atterbury, who, having heard much of Mr. Berkeley, wiſhed to ſee him. Accordingly he was one day introduced to the biſhop by the earl of Berkeley. After ſome time, Mr. B. quitted the room: on which lord B. ſaid to the biſhop, "Does "my couſin anſwer your lordſhip's expectations?" The biſhop, lifting up his hands in aſtoniſhment, replied, "ſo much under-"ſtanding, ſo much knowledge, ſo much innocence, and ſuch "humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but "angels, till I ſaw this gentleman."

LETTER XXII.

Mr. BAYNE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Wemys, Sept. 4, 1713.

IT is no ſmall pain to me to think that I am henceforth to be cut off from my dear Mr. Hughes's company. It is a reflection, I can aſſure you, that makes my heart ach, even now, while I have the greateſt reaſon imaginable to enjoy a tranquillity of mind, by having laid the future happineſs of my life here, upon very reaſonable foundations; but it is ſtill ſome comfort to me to hope, that, in place of your converſation, you will be ſo kind to me as to let me have your correſpondence. I am now to tell you, that a young lady has got poſſeſſion of my heart, and that I have good reaſon to think I ſhall ſoon have hers in exchange. It happens that this young lady is a *Mrs. Mary*, and a youngeſt daughter, upon which you'll eaſily imagine that I have thought of the *Sparkler**, and flatter myſelf that my favourite is very like Mr. Ironſide's. There is ſomething very particular in my ſtory, ariſing from friendſhip, of which our intimacy challenges an account from me.

You

* See the character of the "Sparkler" in the "Guardian," numb. 5.

You may remember, I had a couſin and friend, that, two years ago, came to ſee me, and ſtayed ſome time in Lincoln's-Inn. With this gentleman, you muſt know, I have had a very long, conſtant, and warm friendſhip; and, you'll readily imagine, he was at Edinburgh to meet me upon my arrival there. The next morning we contrived to be together *tête à tête*, when he, who has devoted himſelf to a ſingle life, took occaſion to complain to me how much he ſuffered by my abſence, and how joyleſs even his rural amuſements, and one of the prettieſt country-ſeats of his, were to him, while I had no ſhare therein, wiſhing withal, as he had done two years ago, that I could think of leaving England, find out a proper mate for myſelf, and come and live with him. You cannot doubt but theſe warm ſolicitations of ſo dear a friend made a very deep impreſſion on me. A few hours after, I chanced to go to pay my reſpects to this gentleman's mother, whom I found at a tea-table with her three daughters: the *Sparkler* very ſoon caught my eye; for having known her when ſhe was a girl, and then a great favourite of mine, I had an elegant ſatisfaction in obſerving that ſhe was now what ſhe then promiſed to be. In ſhort, I ſoon found myſelf ſo much hers, and ſhe being ſo nearly related to my friend, that I could not but think that Providence had contrived to make his propoſal effectual. I gave into it, and matters are as far advanced as decency could permit in ſo ſhort a time.

IT will be an infinite pleaſure to me to hear from you, and I beg that you would believe me, in every ſtate and condition of life, to be with great truth, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and
moſt humble ſervant,
AL. BAYNE.

LETTERS XXIII. XXIV. XXV.

Three Letters (by Mr. HUGHES) deſigned for the GUARDIAN. Now firſt printed.

SIR,

THERE are few men but are capable, at ſome time or other, of making a right judgment of themſelves; therefore having, as I think, caught myſelf in one of theſe wiſe fits, I am reſolved to make uſe of it, while it laſts, and lay my caſe before you. I was bred a mercer. I need not tell you that moſt of our profeſſion are orators. I have, with ſome pains, attained to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect maſter in the art of ſhop-rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plauſible bow, a gentle inclination of the head in proper parts of my diſcourſe, and an eaſy motion of the hand, ſets off all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. Ironſide, as I

owe my proſperity to noiſe, I am grown an utter enemy to ſilence, and when I go among ſome of my plain honeſt neighbours, who are not of any of the talking profeſſions, I cannot help aſſuming a ſuperiority over them, which, I find, has been a little reſented. I have often reſolved to confine my oratory to the verge of my ſhop, and to employ it only in ſetting off my ſilks and brocades; but long habits are not eaſily overcome, and the muſical ſound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that reſolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked leſs, and if you could put me in a way to do it, I ſhould be very glad to oblige them. You muſt know, that I am ſometimes chairman of a club, where ſome of them complain that they have not their ſhare of the diſcourſe, and others (in raillery, I ſuppoſe) call me the fine ſpeaker. I have offered to pay double for my club, but that will not ſatisfy them. Beſides, Mr. Guardian, I have heard that you moraliſts ſay, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending againſt truth, innocence, or good manners: and how do I know, now I am ſerious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at ſome time or other, have miſled me into falſhood, uncharitableneſs, or ſcandal? It is poſſible that the ſuperfluity of my diſcourſe may have fallen upon the reputation of ſome honeſt man, and have done him an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have leſſened real merit, or magnified little failings, beyond the allowance of charity or humanity. I may have raiſed an unjuſt jealouſy

by

by a flower of ſpeech, practiſed upon credulity by a ſmooth ſentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a ſhake of the head and a ſhrug of the ſhoulders. To be plain, I have ſearched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr. Guardian, now I am in a proper diſpoſition, if you will be pleaſed to give me a lecture on this ſubject, and be ſo kind as to convince me that I am a coxcomb, you will do a very particular ſervice to, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

To Nestor Ironside, Eſq;

Or, in his abſence, to the keeper of the lion, at Button's coffee-houſe, Covent-garden.

OLD IRONSIDE, Sept. 1713.

IF your lion had not leſs breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat againſt ſo genteel a diverſion as maſquerading*, which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no other end than to promote a better underſtanding between the ſexes. But I ſhall take another opportunity, Mr. Ironſide, to talk with you upon this ſubject. My preſent buſineſs is with the lion; and ſince this ſavage has behaved himſelf ſo rudely, I do, by theſe preſents, challenge

* See the "Guardian," vol. ii. numb. 142 and 154.

lenge him to meet me at the next maſquerade, and deſire you will give orders to Mr. Button to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of theſe midnight amuſements, I intend to appear againſt him, in the habit of Signor Nicolini, to try the merits of this cauſe by ſingle combat. I am,

Yours,

INCOGNITO.

HONEST NESTOR,

PR'YTHEE, ſtop your lion's mouth a little on the chapter of maſquerading. I have purſued a dear creature ſeveral of theſe gay nights through three or four as odd changes as any in "Ovid's Metamorphoſes," and ſhe has promiſed, at the next, in the habit of a gypſy, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards ſay what you pleaſe.

Your humble ſervant,

TIM. FROLICK.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, October 6, 1713.

I DO not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the *Guardian**. He has publiſhed this day a paper called the *Engliſhman*, which begins with an anſwer to the *Examiner*, written with great boldneſs and ſpirit, and ſhows that his thoughts are at preſent entirely on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper ſhould be diſcontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party-matters.

I KNOW not whether any ſuch paper as the *Guardian* may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember, you were once pleaſed to aſk me, what I thought would be a good plan; and this unexpected occaſion has given me a thought, which I beg leave to offer to your conſideration: and becauſe I cannot, at this diſtance, ſo well explain it to you in the compaſs of a letter, I incloſe a ſlight ſketch I have juſt begun of it to-day: only I muſt acquaint you, that what I ſend

* The laſt number of the "Guardian" was publiſhed Oct. 1, 1713.

ſend is a ſequel of a paper which is to open the plan, and which deſcribes a ſociety of learned men, of various characters, who meet together to carry on a converſation on all kinds of ſubjects, and who empower their ſecretary to draw up any of their diſcourſes, or publiſh any of their writings, under the title of the *Regiſter*. By this means, I think, the town might be ſometimes entertained with dialogue, which will be a new way of writing, either related or ſet down in form, under the names of different ſpeakers; and ſometimes with eſſays, or with diſcourſes in the perſon of the writer of the paper.

I CHUSE to ſend you the ſecond paper, tho' unfiniſhed, becauſe you will ſee an offer in it at a new-invented character, with a caſt of oddneſs in it to draw attention, and to lay a foundation for a great variety of matter and of adventures.

I WISH I could tempt you, by any ſlight thought of mine, to take ſomething of this kind into conſideration: I ſhould, on ſuch condition, be willing to furniſh one paper in a week, on this, or any plan you ſhall think more proper, but without you I ſhall make no farther uſe of it.

I SHALL only add, that it is my opinion, and, I believe, that of moſt others, that ſuch a paper ſhould be only three times a week: when it ſhould begin, or whether at all or no, I

ſubmit

ſubmit to you, and ſhall be glad to be favoured with a few lines from you on this, directed to me in, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Bilton*, Oct. 12, 1713.

I AM very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and the ſpecimen, which I read over with great pleaſure.—I think the title of the *Regiſter* would be leſs aſſuming than that of the *Humanity-Club*; but, to tell you truly, I have been ſo taken up with thoughts of that nature for theſe two or three years laſt paſt, that I muſt now take ſome time *pour me delaſſer*, and lay in fewel for a future work. In the mean time, I ſhould be glad if you would ſet ſuch a project on foot, for I know nobody elſe capable of ſucceeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, ſince my friend has laid it down. I am in a thouſand troubles for poor Dick, and wiſh that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himſelf†; but he has ſent me word,

* Near Rugby in Warwickſhire.

† Mr. Addiſon (as the event ſhewed) was too true a prophet, "poor Dick," who was then member for Stockbridge, being expelled the houſe of commons, March 15, 1713-14, for ſome libellous paragraphs in the "Engliſhman," and in another paper called the "Criſis."

A late excellent developer of the human heart (Mrs. Catharine

word, that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him, in this particular, will have no weight with him.

I BEG you will preſent my moſt ſincere reſpects to Sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my ſiſter's *, who is now with me, and very much his humble ſervant. I wiſh I could ſee him and yourſelf in theſe parts, where I think of ſtaying a month or two longer.

I am always, with the greateſt truth and eſteem,

Sir, your moſt faithful and

moſt obedient ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER

tharine Talbot) in her xvith "eſſay," p. 133. after drawing, with great preciſion, "that kind of ſhatter-witted amiable "character, which gains no confidence, and loſes all reſpect; "that careleſs, gay, good-humoured creature, as full of live-"lineſs and entertainment as void of caution and diſcretion, "which lives on from moment to moment, without meaning "any harm, or ever taking any thorough pains to do good," adds, "By all I could ever learn, the great and amiable Sir "Richard Steele was one of theſe whimſical unhappy mortals. "With a genius and a heart that few have ever equalled, he "had this defect in conduct to ſuch a degree, as made him, "in every reſpect, but that of an author, as hurtful a member "of ſociety as well could be. Wit like his turned his very "diſtreſſes into entertainment, and it is hard to ſay whether he "raiſed in his acquaintance more love, diverſion, or compaſ-"ſion. But what pity it is, that ſuch a mind ſhould have had "any blemiſh at all?"

* Dorothy, firſt married to Dr. Sartre (a Frenchman) prebendary of Weſtminſter, and afterwards to Daniel Combes, eſq; Swift (after dining with this lady and her firſt huſband at his

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE* to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Nov. 11, 1713.

WHEN the aſſiſtance I offered to you and Mr. Addiſon was declined by both, I reſolved, by the aid of another friend, to publiſh a paper three times a week, and to own that I had ſome hand in it. Accordingly this deſign has been twice publicly advertiſed. The paper is called the *Lay-Monk*†; and now, I believe, the tenderneſs of your friendſhip, joined with your diffidence of ſucceſs, begins to put you in pain, and make you tremble for me. But I entreat you to diſmiſs all concern of that nature, for I can run no riſk. I am not determined by deſire of fame, or profit, to undertake

his prebendal-houſe, Oct. 25, 1710,) ſays of her, "Addiſon's "ſiſter is a ſort of wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c."—See letter vii. of his "journal to Stella."

* This writer, though the butt of the wits, eſpecially of Dryden and Pope, was treated with more contempt than he deſerved. In particular, his poem "on the creation" has much merit, and is extolled by Mr. Addiſon as "one of the moſt uſe-"ful and noble productions in our Engliſh verſe." See the "Spectator," vol. v. numb. 339. And let it be remembered that the reſentment of thoſe wits was excited by Sir Richard's zeal for religion and virtue; by cenſuring the libertiniſm of Dryden and the (ſuppoſed) profaneneſs of Pope. He died Oct. 9, 1729.

† The firſt paper was publiſhed Nov. 16, 1713, the laſt Feb. 15, 1713-14.

undertake this difficult and hazardous province, but I have other views, which I am under obligations to purſue, though I ſhould run a greater venture than I do now. If I miſcarry, I am but where I was; if I ſucceed, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of accompliſhing a deſign that I have formed for public good.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

RD. BLACKMORE.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, December 5, 1713.

I DESIGNED long ago to have acknowledged the favour of your kind letter, and, at the ſame time to have acquainted you that I had laid aſide all thoughts of the deſign mentioned to you in my laſt. I had indeed been prompted to it by our very worthy friend Sir Richard Blackmore, who is apt to think, as you do, much too partially of my poor abilities. But when I perceived you were tired with an entertainment you had ſo long given the town, with much better ſucceſs than I could ever propoſe, I could not perſuade myſelf to engage as a principal in an undertaking, in which I was only willing to have been an aſſiſtant. Sir Richard was, however, of opinion, that

that ſuch a deſign ought not to be dropped, and therefore determined to make the experiment, which he believed might turn to the public good: and, by his commiſſion, I ſend you the papers * which have been hitherto publiſhed, to which he adds his ſincere reſpects to your ſiſter.

You may believe, when this deſign was once ſet on foot, I could not be wholly unconcerned: I muſt therefore deſire your indulgence to the third, ſixth, and ninth papers; and the reſt, I am ſure, will entertain you very well. I do not own my part, but to yourſelf, having ſo much buſineſs to attend at preſent, beſides my ordinary affairs, that I am never ſure of a day's time. I ſhould have been very glad if I could have accepted of your kind invitation, and have waited on you in the country. No one has more entire eſteem for your friendſhip, nor more longs for your return to the town, than, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Hughes.

SIR, April 19, [1714.]

I MAKE uſe of the freedom you ſo obligingly allowed me, of ſending you a paper of propoſals

* Theſe papers were collected into a volume in 1714, under the title of the "Lay-Monaſtery." The Friday's papers were by

poſals for "Homer," and of entreating your aſſiſtance in promoting the ſubſcription*.

I HAVE added another for Mr. Pate‡, if he thinks fit to oblige me ſo far, as you ſeemed inclined to believe he might.

I HAVE left receipts ſigned with Mr. Jervas, who will give 'em for any ſubſcriptions you may procure, and be (I am ſure) very glad to be better acquainted with you, or entertain you with what paintings or drawings he has. He charges me to give you his moſt humble ſervice, and I beg you to think no man is, with a truer eſteem than I, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged

and faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

PRAY make my moſt humble ſervice acceptable to Sir Richard Blackmore†.

LETTER

by Mr. H. the reſt by Sir Richard Blackmore. There are forty numbers.

* Mr. Pope began to give out ſubſcriptions in 1713.

‡ Probably "Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper," mentioned as ſuch by Swift in his "letters to Stella," Sept. 17, and Oct. 6, 1710.

† It appears from the above, that Mr. Pope and this poetical knight were then upon terms of friendſhip, which were firſt broken by Sir Richard's accuſing Mr. Pope of profaneneſs and immorality, (ſee his "eſſays," vol. ii. p. 27.) on a report from Curl, that he was author of a "traveſtie on the firſt pſalm." Had it not been for this, all the knight's bad poetry would ſcarcely have procured him a place in the "Dunciad," as in that

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. HUGHES to Sir GODFREY KNELLER*.

SIR GODFREY, Aug. 19, 1715.

KNOWING how great an admirer you are of Rubens, and of his genius for allegorical painting, I could not avoid thinking of you when I undertook to publiſh Spenſer†, who had the ſame genius

that poem the author "profeſſed to attack no man living, who "had not before printed and publiſhed againſt him;" and, on this principle, having ridiculed "Dr. Watts's pſalms" in the firſt edition of that ſatire, thoſe lines were, at the inſtance of Mr. Richardſon, the painter, a friend to both, in all the ſubſequent editions omitted.

* This great painter was born at Lubeck in Holſtein, in 1646, and after ſtudying under Rembrant in Holland, and alſo at Rome and Venice, came over to England in 1674, accompanied by his brother, without intending to reſide here, but to return through France to Venice. They were recommended to Banks, a Hamburgh merchant, and Godfrey drew him and his family. The pictures pleaſed. Mr. Vernon, ſecretary to the duke of Monmouth, ſaw them, ſat to the new painter, and obtained his maſter's picture by the ſame hand. The duke was ſo charmed, that he engaged the king his father to ſit to Kneller. His ſucceſs fixed him here. The ſeries of his portraits prove the continuance of his reputation.———

He was knighted by king William in 1692, was made a baronet by George I. and died Oct. 27, 1723.

"Walpole's anecdotes of painting," vol. iii. p. 107—111.

† There was no man at this time more equal to the taſk; and, on the other hand, there was no taſk that could have proved more acceptable to him. Spenſer and Hughes ſeem to be allied by genius. Both great poets, both remarkable for their ſtrict morals, both public-ſpirited men, both well received by the great, and yet neither of them much indebted to fortune. It was happy for the memory of Spenſer, that the revival

genius with Rubens, and is the moſt painter-like poet, and the fineſt deſigner of the virtues and vices of any writer extant. As I am ſure, therefore, he cannot fail of entertaining you, I beg leave to make you a preſent of his works. I have, at the ſame time, taken the liberty to print you in the liſt with my ſubſcribers, being very deſirous that a work, which will live for ever, ſhould be honoured with the name of the beſt artiſt our age has produced. If you will accept of this ſmall teſtimony of the great reſpect with which I honour you and your art*, you will very much oblige, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

revival and illuſtration of his writings were committed to a perſon of ſuch candour and capacity. It muſt have been a very pleaſing labour to Mr. Hughes to reſtore the ſenſe, to revive the honour, to repair and deck with freſh garlands the monument of ſo worthy a man. The ſpirit and elegance with which he diſcharged his truſt, as an editor, are inconteſtable proofs of all that we have advanced.

Dr. Campbell. See the "Biograph. Britann." vol. iv. p. 2706.

* Mr. Hughes was very deſirous of paying his poetical tribute to the merit and friendſhip of this great painter, but was always deterred [he ſaid) by reading Dryden's admirable poem on the ſame occaſion. In honour of painting, as well as of muſic, Pope, however, entered the liſts with his maſter Dryden, whoſe ſuperiority (diſtinguiſhable as it is) is in nothing more apparent than in the choice of his ſubject. Pope was as unlucky in celebrating the paintings of Jervas, as he was in extolling the virtues of Bolingbroke. He compoſed indeed an epitaph on Kneller: but "what a falling off was there!"

How

LETTER XXXII.

Sir GODFREY KNELLER to Mr. HUGHES.

MR. HUGHES, Whitton*, Auguſt 24, 1715.

I HAD your moſt obligin letre, with the moſt acceptable preſent of Mr. Spencer's worcks, wiſhing I had knowen of a ſubſcription, and hope you will give me an opportunity of ſhewing my obligation, and that I may deſerve (in ſume degree) your ſo favorable good opinion you have of, Sir,

Your moſt humble and
moſt obedient obliged ſervant,
G. KNELLER.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Binfield †, Oct. 7, 1715.

EVER ſince I had the pleaſure to know you, I have believed you one of that uncommon rank of

How inferior is that bad copy of an extravagant original, not only to Dryden and himſelf, but alſo to the elogiums which Sir Godfrey received "on the duke of Ormond's picture" from Prior, "on his picture of the king" from Addiſon, and "at "his country-ſeat" from Tickell; which laſt Mr. Walpole has, by miſtake, aſcribed to Steele.

See "anecdotes of painting," vol. iii. p. 114.

* Near Hounſlow. † In Windſor-foreſt.

of authors, who are undeſigning men and ſincere friends; and who, when they commend one another, have not any view of being praiſed themſelves. I ſhould be therefore aſhamed to offer at ſaying any of thoſe civil things in return to your obliging compliments in regard to my tranſlation of "Homer;" only I have too great a value for you not to be pleaſed with them; and yet, I aſſure you, I receive praiſes from you with leſs pleaſure than I have often paid them to your merit before, and ſhall (I doubt not) have frequent occaſions of doing again, from thoſe uſeful pieces you are ſtill obliging us with.

If you was pleaſed with my preface, you have paid me for that pleaſure, in the ſame kind, by your entertaining and judicious eſſays* on Spenſer. The preſent you make me is of the moſt agreeable nature imaginable, for Spenſer has been ever a favourite poet to me: he is like a miſtreſs, whoſe faults we ſee, but love her with 'em all.

What has deferred my thanks till now, was a ramble I have been taking about the country, from which I returned home and found your kind letter but yeſterday. A teſtimony of that kind, from a man of your turn, is to be valued at a better rate than the ordinary eſtimate of letters will

* "An eſſay on allegorical poetry," "remarks on the "fairy queen," "on the ſhepherd's calendar, &c." prefixed to Mr. Hughes's edition of "Spenſer's works," 1715.

will amount to. I ſhall rejoice in all opportunities of cultivating a friendſhip I ſo truly eſteem, and hope very ſhortly to tell you in town, how much I am, Sir,

Your obliged and faithful

humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

SINCE you deſire to hear of my progreſs in the tranſlation, I muſt tell you that I have gone through four more books, which (with the remarks) will make the ſecond volume*.

LETTER

* Soon after the writing this letter Mr. Pope removed from Binfield to Twickenham, from Windſor-foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, which, in a letter to Mr. Blount, he ſtyles one of the "grand æras of his days, and a notable period "in ſo inconſiderable a life."

LETTER XXXIV.

Sir RICHARD STEELE * to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, St. James's-Street, Jan. 8, 1715-16.

A PAPER called the *Town-talk* † is particularly deſigned to be helpful to the ſtage. If you have not ſent the maſk ‡, which is to come out on Thurſday, to preſs, if you pleaſe to ſend me the copy, it ſhall be recommended to the town, and publiſhed on Thurſday night with that paper.

Your affectionate friend

and moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. BAYNE to Mr. HUGHES.

Edinburgh, July 23, 1716.

IT is now ſo long ſince I heard of my dear Mr. Hughes, that I am grown extremely impatient to know

* Sir Richard Steele was at this time member for Boroughbridge in Yorkſhire.

† Neither this, nor the "Theatre," nor the "Spinſter," (all by the ſame hand) have been collected into a volume.

‡ "Apollo and Daphne," a maſque, by Mr. Hughes, ſet to muſic by Dr. Pepuſch. See it in his poems, vol. ii. p. 167.

know how you do. The thought of your frequent want of health, when we lived together, makes me often very uneaſy when I think of you, and I wiſh you could ſend me ſuch accounts of the improvement of your naturally weak conſtitution, that I might preſent you to my imagination always in perfect health. I have had more reaſon of late to regret my abſence from you than at any time ſince I left you. I was all this winter in the country, within ten miles of the ſeat of the late rebellion, wherein a great many of my friends and acquaintances were unhappily engaged: ſo you'll eaſily imagine, that, in ſuch a melancholy ſituation, I often wanted the comfort of a friend's company. You'll forgive me that I frequently wiſhed for you, not conſidering that it might have added to your uneaſineſs when it leſſened mine. Mr. Needler *, under whoſe cover I ſend you this, made me hope ſome time ago to have heard from you, and to have received ſome things you have done lately. I hope now you will make good what you then intended, for I can aſſure you, I ſtand much in need of the ſatisfaction that any thing from you will always give me, having very few moments free from the anxious thoughts that are occaſioned by the diſmal circumſtances in which, not only ſeveral of my neareſt relations, but many of my good acquaintances here, have involved themſelves. As to every other thing, I thank God, I am perfectly eaſy, if I could ſee Mr. Hughes, but ſince

* Of the navy-office. He died in 1718, aged 29. A ſmall collection of his works, in verſe and proſe, was publiſhed by Mr. D. in 1724, of which there have been two editions.

in that I cannot be happy, I muſt e'en make ſhift, as I have done hitherto, in the company of ſome of my friends, that are now become pretty well acquainted with you. I ſhall expect to hear very ſoon from you, and I hope you will not diſappoint me, for, believe me, there is nothing can give me greater ſatisfaction.

I am, my deareſt friend,

Your moſt faithful friend and ſervant,

AL. BAYNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. BAYNE.

DEAR SIR, [1716.]

I AM much aſhamed to think how long it is ſince I had two very kind letters from my good friend Mr. Bayne, which have lain by me unanſwered. I find that the awkwardneſs of confeſſing, and the trouble of excuſing, after ſome time, a fault, are very apt to betray one to add to it by delays, as people that are behind-hand with their creditors, though they may be very honeſt, are not very forward to make up their accounts. In the firſt place, I muſt freely own, (if a general fault can excuſe a particular one,) that I always was a very bad correſpondent. But beſides that, I think I may truly ſay, that a great part of the tranquillity and happineſs of my life deſerted me from the

the time that I loſt the converſation of ſo valuable a friend. For I have ſcarce ever ſince been free either from hurry of buſineſs at ſome times, or, at other times, bad health, or misfortunes. About a twelvemonth ſince, I had the affliction to loſe a very good father, and ſince that I have had ſuch ſhocks in my weak conſtitution, that I thought this winter I ſhould have followed him. Your enquiries, in your laſt, concerning my ſtate of health, are ſo very kind and affectionate, that, for both our ſakes, I am glad I can now inform you, (which I could not have done till lately) that I hope I have a comfortable proſpect of getting it tolerably re-eſtabliſhed.

I CAN very eaſily imagine the ſenſible impreſſion which the calamities of many of his friends and countrymen muſt have made upon a good man; and I can aſſure you, that, during the late rebellion, my thoughts were often with you, and ſympathiſed in that concern which I know it muſt have given you. I hate that thought of Lucretius, *Suave mari magno*, &c. that when we ourſelves are ſafe on the ſhore, we may look with pleaſure on the ſhip which is loſt in a tempeſt: it is at leaſt ſelfiſh and narrow, if not barbarous and ill-natured: as it would be for a man in his ſenſes, to look upon a madman, and to ſee the ruins of reaſon, without ſome pity and fellow-feeling of the ſufferings of his ſpecies.

I AM ſure, you cannot more frequently or more ardently have wiſhed for my company, than I have

done, and do ſtill for yours. Whether it is that a long courſe of ill health has made me more humourſome, and leſſened my taſte of common diverſions and acquaintance, but I aſſure you, I find very few whoſe converſation and temper can afford me that ſatisfaction which, I think, I could always have in yours. If I am at all known in your part of the world (as you tell me in one of your letters) and you have taught ſome of your friends to think kindly of me, I impute it all to your affection for me, and am glad to have that mark of it. I have likewiſe ſome friends here whom I have made acquainted with you, and who, upon occaſion, indulge me in the liberty of talking my whole heart of you, and, I believe, do not like me the worſe for it.—Among ſome of theſe I lately met with a gentleman of your country, who knows you, and was a very good voucher to the company for what I aſſerted. The gentleman I mean is Mr. Strahan *, of the pay-office at the horſe-guards, who appears to me to be a ſenſible and a good-natured man, and of whom I hear a worthy character.

THOUGH you mention nothing of your lady in your laſt letter, you may be ſure I have not forgotten (though I may have forgiven) the perſon who was the occaſion of our ſeparation and your happineſs. I have been looking over afreſh the letter

* Since that time known to the learned world by his tranſlation of the "Æneid of Virgil" into blank verſe, in the laſt books of which he was aſſiſted by Mr. Dobſon, the tranſlator of "Milton." He died about four years ago, in a very advanced age.

letter you wrote to me juſt before your marriage: it was the greateſt compliment you could make me at that time, to mingle my friendſhip with an affair ſo much at your heart: and ſince you flattered me then, that ſhe ſeemed to have ſome regard to my opinion of you, and kept my letter, to produce it, as you ſay, if there ſhould be occaſion, it is time now to challenge her upon that head, and aſk her, Whether ſhe has not found I was in the right? I am not aſhamed that a teſtimony under my hand is ſtanding out on this matter, and I am in no pain about her anſwer.

THOUGH I have mentioned ſome reaſons of my long ſilence already, yet, after all, I ſhould have writ much ſooner, if I had not deſigned you a ſmall parcel as well as a letter, and ſtayed to make ſome addition to it. One thing was, that I hoped, by this time, I ſhould have been able to have ſent you a tragedy * which I have under my hands, and which (if I had not been hindered by illneſs) I had deſigned for the ſtage this winter. But I have yet only been able to finiſh four acts of it, and muſt now defer it till the next winter. The "Spenſer's works" is a ſet I had laid by for myſelf, and which I now rather chuſe to ſend in paſte-boards than ſtay for the binding, and loſe the opportunity which Mr. Needler tells me he has of conveyance. Sir Richard Blackmore, with whom I have often talked of you, gave me ſome time ago, the ſmall edition of his "Prince Arthur" for

* The "Siege of Damaſcus."

you: and I have added a ſmall collection of papers *, by the ſame hand, which were publiſhed in ſingle half-ſheets (like the *Spectator*) but with no great ſucceſs, the town having been before too long entertained in the ſame way. There are ſome diſcourſes, which, I believe, will amuſe you. You may be ſure, on ſuch an occaſion, I could not be wholly unconcerned, though I was not in the ſecret till the firſt paper was printed. I will therefore own to you (what I would not have commonly known) that the character of Ned Freeman, and all the Friday's papers, were mine. It is certain, that though this project did not ſucceed like the *Spectator*, it began to grow upon the town, and might have been continued with moderate ſucceſs, if Sir R. had not been weary and dropped it. . . . . .

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. HUGHES to Mrs. BRIDGES †.

London, Auguſt 22, 1716.

I WISH I were capable of acknowledging the favours, for which I am a debtor to Mrs. Bridges, in

* The "Lay-Monaſtery." See letter xxviii. p. 82.

† The wife of —— Bridges, eſq; ſurveyor-general of the ordnance. She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88. In a "collecti-

"on

in any proportion to the ſenſe I have of them, and of the very handſome and friendly manner in which they are beſtowed. It is a very great pleaſure to receive obligations, when they flow from perſons to whom we would wiſh to be obliged, and whoſe friendſhip and eſteem is a real happineſs. In this caſe, if it is not a teſtimony to our merit, yet is is at leaſt an incitement to endeavour more to deſerve it; and it is often ſeen, that the approbation of worthy perſons is a means of making us more worthy of that approbation. I am in the leſs concern about what is out of my power, the making any return beſides this acknowledgment, becauſe I remember a nice obſervation of the duke de Rochefaucault, "That too much ſolicitude to acquit "one's ſelf of an obligation is at the bottom but "a refined ſort of ingratitude." I am therefore very eaſy under a debt which I do not pretend to repay.

In ſome of our converſations as Wallington, which I think had a very agreeable mixture and relief of mirth and ſerioufneſs, I had the ſatisfaction of obſerving, Madam, that my thoughts then agreed with yours, on ſubjects of conſequence

"on of poems," by Mrs. Elizabeth Tollet, a lady of learning, genius, and fortune, (publiſhed after her death, in 1755,) are the following verſes in memory of Mrs. Bridges:

"If copious wealth enjoy'd to full content,
"Or length of days in peace and honour ſpent,
"Is all the anxious heart of man can crave,
"Yet here they ceaſe and vaniſh in the grave:
"Behold the ſacred ſtone, where Bridges lies,
"But ſpare your tears, for virtue never dies."

which have been long diſputed among us, and in which it is almoſt a general faſhion to declare on the uncharitable ſide. This has given me occaſion to ſearch after a ſmall pamphlet*, which I publiſhed ſome time ago, and in which I endeavoured, as clearly as I could, to expreſs my thoughts at that time, and I ſhall be glad if it gives you any ſatisfaction. I ſend it the rather, that, (though you may perhaps think I have been too much an author) you may ſee, I have not always trifled in the choice of my ſubjects; for, I am ſure, whoever can help to ſettle this controverſy on a right footing, will do the nation a very good ſervice. After all the enquiries that I have been able to make, I cannot but think that they only are in the wrong, on either ſide, who are too poſitive that the others are ſo, ſince the difference is very little between them. If there are two roads from this place to Wallington, though the one perhaps is the more commodious and frequented, and what I would chuſe, and the other not bad, or much out of the way; yet why are not both right, and what need is there to quarrel about the matter? Methinks, this is ſo eaſy a way of ſolving the queſtion, that it is ſtrange any one ſhould miſs it. It puts me in mind of Fontenelle's comparing our ſearch after truth to blind-man's buff; ſhe often comes in our way, and we ſometimes

* Entitled, "A review of the caſe of Ephraim and Judah, and "its application to the church of England and the diſſenters. In "a letter to Dr. Willis, dean of Lincoln, occaſioned by his "thankſgiving ſermon, preached before her majeſty at St. Paul's, "on the 23d of Auguſt, 1705." Printed in the year 1705.

times lay hold of her, and let her go again, and do not know it: but it is no wonder, ſince we put the handkerchief over our own eyes, and make it to be a play in the dark.

SINCE I am troubling you with a pacquet, give me leave to add to it a collection of poems*, which perhaps you have not ſeen; the publiſher has given me too much a place in in it, but there are ſome pieces by other hands (particularly that on the duke of Marlborough §) which I need not fear to recommend to your peruſal.———

YOU ſee, Madam, my letter is a kind of viſit, which I am loth to conclude,; but it is time to beg pardon, and to tell you that I am, with very great reſpect, Madam,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

MY humble ſervice to Mr. Bridges and Mrs. Sabet*. May I venture to point out to her a comment on that verſe † in Deuteronomy, mentioned

* Poems and tranſlations, printed for Pemberton, 1714.

§ "A Pindaric ode," by Mr. Somerville, author of the "chace."

* Sarah-Elizabeth.

† Chap. xxii. ver. 5. "The woman ſhall not wear that "which pertaineth unto a man, &c."

tioned by her friend the biſhop? I mean a letter ‡ in the *Spectator*, vol. ii. numb. 104. I own it is mine, ſo that if there be any hereſy in it, I ſhall be a very perſiſting heretic, if ſhe cannot convert me.

LETTER XXXVIII.

NICHOLAS ROWE, Eſq; (Poet-laureat §) to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Covent-garden, Oct. 22, 1716.

AS you were ſo good formerly to promiſe me a little of your poetical aſſiſtance, you can never give it me at a time when it will be more uſeful than now. I beg you will be ſo good as to think of ſome words for Mr. Eccles and the new year. The entertainment is not to conſiſt of above half an hour in time at moſt. Three or four airs, with ſome little recitative between, is what the compoſer will be glad of. I need not tell you, you are the fitteſt man in the world for this occaſion, by your equal knowledge of muſic and

‡ On riding-habits for ladies.

§ So appointed by king George I. on his acceſſion, and well deſerving of the laurel for his dramatic writings. He alſo was ſecretary of the preſentations to lord-chancellor Parker. He died Dec. 6, 1718.

and poetry. I will only beg you now, for friendſhip's ſake, to have compaſſion on, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate and
faithful humble ſervant,
N. ROWE*.

LETTER XXXIX.

M. HUGHES to biſhop HOADLY§.

MY LORD, London, July 12, 1717.

I KNOW not whether I am not to beg pardon for what † I ſend your lordſhip. It was written (after

* Conſidering the humane and friendly diſpoſition of Mr. Hughes, it is probable, that, in compliance with this requeſt, the new year's ode for 1717 was written by him. Though Cibber, moſt certainly, diſclaimed all aſſiſtance, it was not unuſual for his predeceſſors to call in auxiliaries on ſuch occaſions. The new year's ode for 1720 was, in like manner, written by George Jeffreys, eſq; at the requeſt of Mr. Euſden, his fellow-collegian, then poet-laureat.

"The above letter," ſays a very judicious writer, "does "great honour to Mr. Hughes: it ſhows that his parts were "confeſſed, and at the ſame time his capacity eſteemed, not "only by thoſe who were the beſt judges, but by thoſe, who, "if his candour and friendly turn had not been to the full as "conſpicuous as his abilities, would very probably have con-"ſidered him as a rival."

See "Biographia Britann." vol. iv. p. 2707.

§ The beſt elogium on this great prelate (ſucceſſively biſhop of Bangor, Hereford, Saliſbury, and Wincheſter) is the liſt of his writings in defence of civil and religious liberty, inſerted, together with his life, in "Biograph. Britann." by his ſon, the preſent chancellor of the dioceſe of Wincheſter. He died in 1761, aged 85.

† A pamphlet, entitled, "A layman's thoughts on the "late

(after a very imperfect manner) during a great indiſpoſition. Whether it was worth publiſhing, I cannot tell; and I think, however, I ſhould not deſire to be known to your lordſhip in it, but only to ſhow you, that (even under the uneaſineſs of a fever) I could not ſit ſtill, and think myſelf unconcerned, whilſt a perſon, whom I much honour, was ſo barbarouſly treated*. I heartily congratulate

" late treatment of the biſhop of Bangor, in the charge made " againſt him by Dr. Snape, and undertaken to be proved by " the biſhop of Carliſle [Dr. Nicholſon.] In a letter to the " biſhop of Carliſle." Printed in 1717.
See the Bangorian controverſy, vol. ii.

* Biſhop Hoadly's ſermon " on the nature of Chriſt's " kingdom," preached before the king, March 31, 1717, having been attacked by Dr. Andrew Snape, the biſhop publiſhed an anſwer, in which, upon occaſion of a report ſpread by ſome perſons about the town, that he was put upon preaching that ſermon, to ſerve ſome political ends, he uſes theſe words; " God knows, I preached what I found there (in the " New Teſtament) without the knowledge of any man living." This ſolemn and poſitive declaration was inconſiſtent with a ſtory that had been told Dr. Snape, namely, that the "ſermon" was preached with the knowledge and ſubmitted to the correction of a certain perſon, who adviſed the making alterations in it. Upon this, in his " ſecond letter," he thus addreſſes himſelf to the biſhop: " I muſt needs ſay, your evaſive equi- " vocal way of writing ſavours very ſtrongly of ſuch commu- " nication, [that is, with a Jeſuit] and whether the ſame per- " ſon may not have helped you to a mental reſervation to " juſtify a ſolemn appeal to God, that what you preached was " 'without the knowledge of any man living,' when a liv- " ing man has teſtified that it was preached with his know- " ledge, and ſubmitted to his correction, your lordſhip beſt " knows." This was no ſooner publiſhed than the biſhop of Bangor called upon Dr. Snape for the proof of what he had aſſerted; who preſently declared that he had received that account from Dr. Hutchinſon, who had heard the biſhop of Carliſle ſay, that he had ſpoken with the perſon who adviſed the biſhop of Bangor, upon reading his ſermon, to inſert ſuch words

congratulate your triumph over your enemies, and wiſh you all the better rewards due to your great virtue, goodneſs, and public ſpirit.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

words as "abſolutely, properly," &c. And that ſome days after, the ſame divine again aſſured him, that he had heard the ſame prelate a ſecond time declare that matter to be true, and that he would juſtify it to all the world. Upon this, Dr. Snape drew up that paſſage, waited on the biſhop of Carliſle, read it to him, and was allowed by him to publiſh it, with an aſſurance that he would ſtand to it. This was the ſubſtance of Dr. Snape's advertiſement; to which the biſhop of Carliſle was perſuaded to add, "This is true," though he afterwards declared that it was not ſtrictly ſo. However, being now called upon to name the "living man," who was to atteſt the truth of what he aſſerted, he fixed on Dr. Kennet, (dean of Peterborough) who, he declared, according to the beſt of his remembrance, was the perſon who told him, that the ſermon was preached with his knowledge, and ſubmitted to his correction; and that the Dr. adviſed and with difficulty prevailed to have the above-mentioned words inſerted. This was denied by Dr. Kennet, in the moſt ſolemn manner, in all his converſations, public advertiſements, and private letters to his friends, and even in his laſt will, ſo great was the impreſſion it made upon him.

See the "life of biſhop Kennet," p. 165, &c. and the "appendix" to it.

LETTER XL.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord-chancellor COWPER *.

MY LORD, September 27, 1717.

I HAD the pleaſure, before I left Hertingfordbury, of being informed by Mr. Hughes †, that your lordſhip had very kindly diſcourſed with him about me, and in ſuch a manner as lays me under the higheſt obligations. I eſteem every opportunity your lordſhip has been pleaſed to allow me of waiting on you as a very great honour; but the generous concern you have expreſſed for my welfare, is a diſtinction I am proud of; and it is with pleaſure I can now think of every diſappointment I have met with elſewhere, if it is a means of giving me a place in your lordſhip's thoughts. I beg leave to ſay, that as every favour will be doubled to me, by the ſatisfaction of owing it to that hand from which I would moſt deſire

* Sir William Cowper was appointed lord-keeper of the great ſeal in 1705, was created a baron in 1706, and in 1707 was appointed lord-chancellor, which poſt he held till the change of the miniſtry in 1710. On the acceſſion of king George I. he was again appointed lord-chancellor, and on his reſigning the great ſeal in 1717-18, he was created an earl. His public character is well known. His taſte and private virtues will appear from theſe letters. His lordſhip died in 1723. The preſent earl is his grand-ſon.

† Judge-advocate.

ſire to receive it; ſo the particular manner in which your lordſhip has thought of me, is what I ſhall eſteem a very great addition to it. I am ſure, it will always give me the ambition of appearing, in all poſſible inſtances of duty and reſpect,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES*.

LETTER XLI.

Biſhop HOADLY to Lord CADOGAN†.

MY LORD, April 19, 1718.

IF I did not know your readineſs to oblige, I would not trouble you in this manner. Mr. Hughes, whom your lordſhip was formerly inclined to ſerve, upon my recommendation, is in fear

* Soon after this, the lord-chancellor (without any previous ſolicitation) appointed Mr. Hughes his ſecretary for the commiſſions of the peace.

† This nobleman, who had ſerved with great reputation under the duke of Marlborough, being ſecond in command of the Engliſh forces, was, a few days after the date of this letter, created an earl, with limitation of the barony to his brother, the preſent lord: he was then juſt ſetting out on an embaſſy to Bruſſels, where he made his public entry on the king's birth-day, and in 1720 ſigned the quadruple alliance. He died in 1726.

fear of loſing a pretty good place, which the late lord-chancellor had but juſt given him, viz. "the "office of ſecretary to the commiſſions of the "peace." I cannot forbear to intercede with you, that you would be ſo good as to write a letter by him, before you leave England, to the new lord-chancellor, if he be fixed, to engage him to continue Mr. Hughes in the ſame office. He is worthy of all your regard, a firm friend to the adminiſtration, a very ingenious man, and exceedingly beloved by all that know him. I hope, you know me enough to think I would not mention any thing to you which I did not eſteem it for your honour to intereſt yourſelf in. And therefore I again intreat this of you.

I AM glad of this opportunity of congratulating you upon your new honour; of wiſhing you a good voyage, all ſucceſs, and every thing equal to your wiſhes, and to your merit; and above all, a ſafe and happy return to us; and of aſſuring you that I am, with a reſpect and gratitude equal to the obligations I have received from you,

My lord,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

BENJ. BANGOR*.

LETTER

* The above was not delivered, letter xliii. being fully ſufficient to anſwer the purpoſe here intended.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, London, May, 1718.

THOUGH I cannot help joining with the general voice in lamenting, with much concern, the loſs the public has ſuſtained in your lordſhip's quitting that great truſt, which never has, nor can be placed in more worthy hands than your lordſhip's; yet I think it my duty, at the ſame time, to congratulate your lordſhip on your being honourably eaſed from a very great burden; the conſtant fatigue of which muſt have made it uneaſy, and might have proved prejudicial to your health. Your lordſhip has been ſeen to act in every thing with that prudence, mature thought, and equal temper, that, I am ſure, the reſolution you had taken muſt have been founded on the beſt reaſons; and I moſt zealouſly and ſincerely wiſh your lordſhip all the ſatisfaction in the conſequences of it which you can expect or deſire.

I NEVER can expreſs to your lordſhip the half of what I feel, as often as I think of your very generous and diſtinguiſhing favours to me; all the circumſtances of which will ever leave on my mind

mind the moſt grateful impreſſions. I eſteem that ſhort ſpace of my life, in which I had the honour to attend your lordſhip, as one of the happieſt parts of it; and if I cannot avoid, on this occaſion, having a proportionable concern, yet to your lordſhip, who has ſhown ſo very humane and tender a regard to my welfare, I think myſelf obliged in duty to declare, that I have no regret for any conſequences to myſelf, ſo much as that of being deprived of the ſatisfaction of being near your lordſhip, and the frequent opportuuities of being honoured with a converſation filled with goodneſs and condeſcenſion, and every thing that could render it valuable and agreeable.

I WISH your lordſhip increaſe of health and happineſs, and with the moſt dutiful regards to your lordſhip and my lady Cowper,

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XLIII.

Earl COWPER to Lord Chancellor PARKER *.

MY LORD, May, 1718.

OF the many that were loſers by my reſigning the great ſeal, I ſhall venture to recommend but one

* Created earl of Macclesfield in 1721. He held the great ſeal till the year 1724, and died in 1732. The preſent earl is his grandſon.

one gentleman to your lordſhip, the bearer, Mr. John Hughes, who ſerved for ſome little time in the office of ſecretary for the commiſſions of the peace; and I ſhould not do that, but for two reaſons; the one, that he had hardly ſerved long enough to make him amends for preparing himſelf to execute that truſt; the other, that I am convinced, from the little time he did ſerve, that your lordſhip, if you continue him in that ſervice, will thank me for having recommended him; and your ſo doing will be alſo a very great obligation on,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's

moſt obedient humble ſervant,

COWPER.

I moſt heartily wiſh your lordſhip much joy.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Auguſt 5, 1718.

HAVING juſt met with the incloſed verſes, which have been but lately diſperſed, I think them ſo very good, that I could not deny myſelf the pleaſure of ſending them to your lordſhip, who perhaps may not yet have ſeen them. I am informed they were written by Mr. Welſted, a gentleman I have heard mentioned by Sir Richard Steele,

Steele, as a promiſing genius; and who has written ſome few ſhort poems before, but is little known *.

IT was a double mortification to me, that my illneſs prevented my paying my duty to your lordſhip when you were lately in town. I am going next week to get a recruit of Surry air, and to try the daily exerciſe of a horſe on the downs, which I hope will qualify me in a little time for a journey into Hertfordſhire.

I THINK I have found two good pictures, which will fit the places your lordſhip would have ſupplied, and which your lordſhip may have at any time, if you approve them. I ſaw the pictures mentioned by Mr. Woodford, but do not think there are any your lordſhip would like. . . . . .

I am,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

The

* If Mr. Welſted had written nothing elſe, or, at leaſt, if he had not offended Mr. Pope, by his "Triumvirate" and other ſatires, he would never have been pilloried in the "Dunciad" in that celebrated parody on Sir John Denham,

"Flow, Welſted, flow, like thine inſpirer, beer,
"Though ſtale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
"So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
"Heady, not ſtrong, and foaming, though not full."

The GENIUS.

An ODE, written in 1717, on occaſion of the Duke of Marlborough's lethargy.

1.

AWFUL hero, Marlbrô, riſe!
Sleepy charms I come to break;
Hither turn thy languid eyes;
Lo! thy genius calls! awake!

2.

Well ſurvey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great ſtory;
'Tis a ſhort but crowded ſpan,
Full of triumphs, full of glory!

3.

One by one thy deeds review!
Sieges, battles, thick appear;
Former wonders, loſt in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

4.

This is Blenheim's crimſon field,
Wet with gore, with ſlaughter ſtain'd!
Here retiring ſquadrons yield,
And a bloodleſs wreath is gain'd.

5.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the ſubject of thy thought!

6. Reſt

6.

Reſt thee here, while life may laſt:
Th' utmoſt bliſs to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions paſt,
And to own them great and good.

7.

But 'tis gone—O mortal-born!
Swift the fading ſcenes remove—
Let them paſs with noble ſcorn;
Thine are worlds which roll above.

8.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foreſee;
Men, who acted wond'rous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

9.

Foremoſt in the patriot band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd day,
See, thy friend, Godolphin, ſtand!
See! he beckons thee away.

10.

Yonder ſeats and fields of light
Let thy raviſh'd thought explore;
Wiſhing, panting for thy flight,
Half an angel, man no more!

LETTER XLV.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Colegreen*, Aug. 9, 1718.

I GIVE you many thanks for yours of the 5th inſtant, with the very excellent verſes of an uncommon kind. It puzzles us here in the country to reconcile the 3d ſtanza, which prepares for a particular enumeration of the duke's actions, with the 4th, which mentions only two, and no more are enumerated after. But, I take it, the genius is ſuppoſed, after mentioning "Blenheim," to ſee in the plan "the bloodleſs wreath," and thinking that now moſt fit for the duke to dwell upon, alters his deſign of pointing to his deeds one by one, and proceeds immediately to give him the exhortation which follows. There is one Mr. Welſted, reader of the Charter-houſe, who is ſaid to have wit in converſation, I cannot tell whether he, or another, be the Welſted you mention as the author.

IF the learned have adviſed you to take the air on the downs of Surry, as particularly good for your caſe, I have nothing to ſay, but ſubmit, and hope you'll believe, there is good reaſon for that advice; but if otherwiſe, I wiſh you had tried

* Near Hertford.

Hertfordſhire air at firſt, where you and your horſe ſhould have been very welcome: or you might have uſed any of mine, if they pleaſed you better. It is certain you cannot do better than to uſe gentle riding. I will only deſire leave to add to the preſcription, that you will admit of as much idleneſs and vacancy from hard thinking, as you poſſibly can. I moſt earneſtly wiſh you perfect ſucceſs, and am, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

COWPER.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, London, Aug. 12, 1718.

WITH the greateſt ſatisfaction I return your lordſhip my moſt humble acknowledgements for the honour of your letter, and am extremely glad the verſes I ſent were ſo acceptable. This has given me occaſion to enquire after what I could farther meet with of the ſame hand, and thought now to have ſent your lordſhip the author's firſt fruits. I find, he mentions an "ode "to the king," which I am ſorry I cannot yet procure. The perſon your lordſhip has heard of, though a "man of wit in converſation," will not be ſuſpected, among thoſe who know him, for panegyrics of this kind; his ſentiments and principles

ciples being of a different turn. What I have heard of this gentleman is, that he is a young man whom Sir Richard Steele ſome time ago profeſſed to patroniſe and encourage, and uſed to recommend among his acquaintance. I find the "verſes "on the duke of Marlborough" are hitherto very little diſperſed; and I wiſh the author were acquainted with your lordſhip's very juſt remark on the 3d and 4th ſtanzas. Perhaps placing the 3d ſtanza after the 4th might obviate the objection.

YOUR lordſhip's very kind invitation is the beſt recommendation to me of Hertfordſhire air, and will engage me to ſhorten my intended ſtay in Surry. I am extremely happy in having leave to encreaſe a debt, which it will be always the higheſt honour and pleaſure to me to own. And if any thing could make me more partial yet to my own welfare, it is that your lordſhip does me the honour to expreſs yourſelf concerned in it. I am, with all poſſible ties of duty and zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Colegreen, Sept. 25, 1718.

I HAVE great reaſon to think it will be a ſatisfaction to your lordſhip to have ſome account of the progreſs of my health ſince your lordſhip's going to town. I thank God, my fever is quite off, (I hope paſt danger of a return,) and I am as much better for the time as can poſſibly be expected. I have recovered a tolerable appetite, and feel an acceſſion of ſtrength every day. As I cannot but have the utmoſt regard to all your lordſhip's commands, which are ſo kindly intended for my good, I have not changed my lodging, but am going on here in a regular courſe of few medicines, and moderate exerciſe; and have good encouragement to hope I ſhall ſoon ſatisfy my doctor, that this air is not leſs reſtorative than the downs of Surry.

AND now that I have time to look back on my paſt ſuffering, I am very much concerned and aſhamed at the trouble it gave your lordſhip: but when I recollect the experience I had, on that occaſion, of your lordſhip's exceeding humanity, and the inexpreſſible relief it was to me, under extreme pain, and apprehenſions of the worſt conſequences, my heart is melted, and it is not in the power

power of words to ſhow the ſenſe I have of it. I can truly ſay, that, after a long courſe of ill health and misfortune, which had almoſt made me indifferent to every thing, it was your lordſhip's very kind notice of me, that firſt made life more deſirable; and I ſhall think it one of the greateſt pleaſures of it, whilſt it laſts, to employ it in all the returns of duty and thankfulneſs to your lordſhip, which are within my poor ability. I beg that (with my moſt humble duty) my lady Cowper may know how troubleſome a gueſt I have been, and that, though it happened in her ladyſhip's abſence, I have not wanted any thing neceſſary or convenient. I have begun to call in muſic in aid of my cure, and ſometimes have tried the harpſichord, but it will make no harmony in the abſence of that hand it has been uſed ſo abſolutely to obey. I wiſh your lordſhip much proſperity in your new habitation *, and am, with very many obligations,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

* In Lincoln's-inn-fields.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

I SEND you a ſmall piece of hiſtory *, ſo excellently well written, and by ſo honeſt a pen, that I preſume it will not be unacceptable to your lordſhip, even in the tranſlation. I do not ſet my name to it, but your lordſhip is ſo many ways entitled to any thing in which I am concerned, that I am glad to take any opportunity of expreſſing my grateful ſenſe of all your favours, and with what profound veneration I am,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

* "The hiſtory of the revolutions in Portugal. By the Abbé Vertot. Printed for Samuel Buckley, 1712." To this curious piece of hiſtory, (written in a very particular manner, and with equal vivacity of ſtyle and ſentiment) Mr. H. did ſo much juſtice, that the tranſlation was as well received in England as the work itſelf had been in France. See "Jacob's lives of the poets," vol. i. p. 81. By ſome accident it was not publiſhed till after Mr. Hughes's death.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Oct. 25, 1718.

. . . . . HAVING mentioned to your lordſhip a dialogue * in the manner of Lucian, written by Mr. Walſh, I ſend the "miſcellany †" in which only, I think, it was ever printed. I have indeed ſome difficulty in putting a book into your lordſhip's hands, in which the publiſher has given me too large a ſhare, and inſerted ſome trifles of mine, which were very young performances. But I can, without reſerve, recommend the "ode on "the duke of Marlborough," which I believe your lordſhip will think is a very fine piece of poetry. I am informed, it was given to the publiſher by Sir Samuel Garth, from a hand that would be concealed ‡. That of Prior's §, I look upon to

* "Æſculapius, or the hoſpital of fools." This is juſtly eſteemed not inferior to any thing tranſmitted to us from the ancients.

† Poems and tranſlations, printed for Pemberton in the year 1714.

‡ This ode was written by Mr. Somerville, author of the "Chace."

§ Imitated from "Horace, book iii, ode 2," and written in the year 1692. This ode is in honour of king William, but when Mr. Prior publiſhed his poems (as above-mentioned) he had changed his opinion of men and meaſures.

be one of his beſt performances, though (for what reaſon I know not) he has omitted it in the late edition of his poems. There is likewiſe a ſhort "ode of Horace" (to Mæcenas) which, I remember, was tranſlated many years ago by Mr. Gilbert *, (now chief baron in Ireland) and I think is done with very great elegance and correctneſs. I believe, theſe, and ſome few others in this collection, may be entertaining, though your lordſhip never wants employment for your leiſure hours. I find the town in expectation of my play † this winter, which awakens in me the fears of an author, though I have endeavoured to make it more pardonable by ſome alterations ‡. But I am undetermined about it, till I have the honour to wait on my lady Cowper. When her ladyſhip thinks it may ſeaſonably appear upon the ſtage, I ſhall think ſo too, and not before; and could only wiſh that the juncture, which, on other accounts, is ſo much to be deſired, and could beſt favour it, were at hand.—But I beg pardon for the length of this letter, and am, with the greateſt regard and duty, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

* See letter vii.

† The "Siege of Damaſcus."

‡ Theſe alterations were inſiſted on by the players, with a fantaſtic view of exalting the character of Phocyas; but that of Eudocia is in the ſame proportion degraded, her violent reſentment and utter rejection of her lover being, as the play now ſtands, unreaſonable. See the original plan in the "appendix."

LET-

LETTER L.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Colegreen, Nov. 2, 1718.

I BEGAN to be in fear for you; but I thank you for comforting me by yours of the 25th of laſt month, by which I find you as well as you can expect, on firſt coming to the air of London. I am, on farther conſideration, ſtill more aſſured, that the thing you principally have to attend to, is the endeavouring to breed as little phlegm as poſſible, which, I gueſs, muſt be by taking care of your digeſtion, by all the means you can think of. I deſire you to believe me, when I tell you, that you are the firſt I ever ventured to write to advice of this kind: I believe, it is becauſe I find more motives than uſual to wiſh you a long and proſperous life. The miſcellanies you are ſo kind as to ſend me, pleaſe me in more places than thoſe you recommend. I perfectly agree with you in what you think of the "ode on the duke of Marl-"borough," and I muſt confeſs, I taſte, "Dr. "Pope's ballad *," as my acquaintance Mr.

* "The Saliſbury ballad, with the learned commentaries of "a friend to the author's memory," written by Dr. Walter Pope, author of the "Old man's wiſh," who lived with Dr. Ward, then biſhop of Saliſbury. "This poem" (ſays the editor) "was given me in manuſcript by my worthy friend An-"thony Henley, eſq; who uſed to call it his 'favourite,' for "the humour and ſimplicity of it, and its delicate raillery on "the

Henley † did. My wife ſaith, ſhe is much obliged to you for the compliment you make to her on the ſubject of your play, and that ſhe ſhall be ready to ſpeak with you upon it whenever you pleaſe.

I am, with great truth,

Sir, your very faithful humble ſervant,

COWPER.

LETTER LI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, November 4, 1718.

I CANNOT but take the firſt opportunity to acknowledge the very welcome favour I received yeſterday of your lordſhip's letter, as the greateſt pleaſure I have taſted ſince my coming to town. I look upon my fears to trouble your lordſhip with an account of myſelf ſooner as part of my diſtemper, which, for ſome days, had given me apprehenſions I was unwilling too haſtily to make known to your lordſhip; having obſerved that my illneſs came upon me in the ſame manner, and with the ſame ſymptoms, as laſt winter: but, I thank God, thoſe apprehenſions are now removed; my

" the Dutch commentators. I think, indeed, his judgment " was as right in that, as it was in every thing elſe relating to " poetry and criticiſm."

† Of the Grange in Hampſhire, grandfather to the preſent Earl of Northington.

my illneſs being very much abated for about a week, ſo that I have been able to go abroad; and the continual waſting by phlegm being moderated, I find that my ſtrength daily increaſes; ſo that I am convinced, that your lordſhip judges very truly of my caſe, and I cannot be enough thankful for your kind advice. I ought likewiſe to acquaint your lordſhip, that I have followed the exerciſe you were pleaſed to recommend, with ſome benefit already, and am in hopes of farther ſucceſs. It would be very idle in me to trouble your lordſhip ſo frequently with the hiſtory of my infirmities, if I had not experienced, with the greateſt delight, that to the favours for which I am indebted to your lordſhip, you are pleaſed to add ſo great a ſeaſoning of tenderneſs, that I cannot but eſteem this beyond all other obligations: and I ought, in duty, to let your lordſhip know, that your intention in it, of doing me good, is not without its effect; for I have never found any cordial ſo reviving to my ſpirits, as this has been, and always is, to my mind.

I am, with the greateſt gratitude,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LET-

LETTER LII.

JOHN ALLEN, Eſq; * to Mr. DUNCOMBE †.

Dublin, Eaſter, 1719.

——I WILL venture to affirm that the paſſion we call pity, is in no part of the creation but the two-legg'd animal; the tenderneſs and care of beaſts and birds to preſerve their brood is quite out of the queſtion, and I begin to think the effects you contend for, are hardly natural, I am ſure they are very inconvenient:

Since pity is accompany'd with pain,
Why ſhould I eaſe by your affliction gain?

IT would pleaſe me to hear of madam Gyllenborg ‡ and her ſweet child §. I fancy her count is

* A friend and contemporary of the earl of Dorſet, ſir Charles Sedley, &c. in king Charles the II's reign, and the only ſon of John Allen, eſq; of Gretten in Northamptonſhire. He died at Dublin in 1720, aged 75.

† Younger ſon of John Duncombe, eſq; of Stocks in Hertordſhire. He died Feb. 26, 1769, aged 79.

‡ Niece to Mr. Allen, firſt married to Elias Deritt, eſq; and after his death to count Gyllenborg, ambaſſador from Sweden.

§ Miſs Deritt, who was afterwards created by the queen of Sweden counteſs Gyllenborg, and married baron Sparre.

is in ſome danger, ſince king George has reached baron Gortz at Stockholm *.

You make ſlight of Ormond's giving us a viſit. It is well if you are prepared for him; for, I believe, he will have the manners to ſee our betters firſt. But, for your comfort, no king and parliament were ever beaten; I mean entirely ſubdued; unleſs I am miſtaken in Richard III. I think I am not; the parliament, I believe, was not ſitting when Richmond landed.

When I was young, I admired M. Dacier as much as you can do, and perhaps deſpiſed Scaliger more. I have lived to change my mind, and am almoſt of the contrary opinion.—What ſort of play is that which has for name "Buſiris, king of Egypt? †" Under what difficulties muſt an author bring himſelf, who takes his ſubject as high as the contemporary of Hercules? The "chit-chat ‡" is come to us with a character it by no means deſerves.

* Immediately after the death of Charles XII. at Frederickſhall, December 11, 1718, baron Gortz, his prime-miniſter, was arreſted, tried, and executed at Stockholm, being charged by the ſenate with all the oppreſſive meaſures of the late reign. Having been deeply engaged in the Swediſh conſpiracy againſt George I. in the year 1716, baron Gortz, at the deſire of that prince, had been arreſted at the Hague, and at the ſame time count Gyllenborg was ſeized and ſent out of England.

† A tragedy, by Dr. Young.

‡ A comedy by Thomas Killegrew, eſq; gentleman of the bed-chamber to the prince of Wales. So ſtrongly was the author's intereſt ſupported by his friends, that the profits were ſaid to have amounted to upwards of a thouſand pounds. "Com-" panion to the play-houſe, vol. i."

ſerves. How could it find audiences for ten days? The writer of "Raleigh*" is ſomething of a ſcholar, and has a great deal of good diction, but is by no means a "play-writer." But I write to you what you ſhould write to

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

J. ALLEN.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. ALLEN to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Dublin, May 19, 1719.

I BELIEVE, your ingenious friend, who ſays, I was born *melioribus annis*, means only that I am an old man; and he is in the right. *Vix icum quibus*, modeſtly ſays Horace: but in another place,

——— *Me*
Cum magnis vixiſſe, invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia ———

I CANNOT help remarking, that though he writes to the great Mæcenas, he neither means him, nor any of the court of Auguſtus, but Brutus and the true lovers of liberty. . . . . .

I SHOULD be mightily pleaſed with what Mr. Hughes has eſſayed upon Lucian†, and have a value

* "Sir Walter Raleigh," a tragedy, by Dr. Sewell.

† "Charon, or the ferry-boat, a viſion," firſt printed in the year 1718, with a dedication to the "Swiſs Count" [Heidegger,] which,

value for what I know of him. I wiſh alſo to ſee the French Œdipus [by Voltaire.] The man, who arrogantly contemns the ancients, will eaſily be brought to defy the gods. Though, I think, there are as ſhocking expreſſions in Sophocles and Dryden. "Buſiris" is reprinted here. Nothing can be more like thoſe monſtrous ſcenes than thoſe monſtrous hangings. I will only add what the moſt correct Virgil ſays on the ſubject,

Quis illaudati neſcit Buſiridis aras?

Yet, I muſt own, I approve "the tall white "plume," like a "high-wrought foam." That burſts out like Homer or Milton. But the man this new writer ſeems to imitate is Dr. Blackmore; whether by choice, or chance, I know not. The celebrated "moon-ſimile" is ſcandalouſly ſtolen from Lee's "Mithridates," and ſomewhere from Mr. Addiſon.

LOOKING for ſome papers laſt night, I found a few lines written on an annually-returning occaſion (now at hand) which makes the attempt a little difficult. King George was born, in 1660, the day before the 29th of May, the reſtoration of king Charles the ſecond. The whole epigrammatic force is, "One is better than t'other." There is hiſtory enough for the birth of Alexander, and the burning of Diana's temple.

Helper

which, from prudential reaſons, is omitted in Mr. Hughes's works, though it contained a ſatirical viſion, no leſs entertaining and inſtructive than the little piece to which it is prefixed. See it in the "appendix."

Helper divine, Diana, here on earth,
Neglects all objects for young Ammon's birth,
Anxious from ſtately Epheſus retires,
And leaves her temple to devouring fires,
So, whilſt our bleſſing yet lay unreveal'd,
A happy burden in the womb conceal'd,
Sophia was the charge of every ſtar;
No leſs employ was Providence's care:
Brittannia lab'ring, with convulſions torn,
Charles could not be reſtor'd, till George was born.

J. ALLEN.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, London, June 2, 1719.

AFTER a ſhort unſucceſsful trial of the air, in which I have been followed with ſome bad viſits of my old fever, I returned to town this afternoon in tolerable health, and met with a very welcome cordial, your lordſhip's kind letter. I am often out of countenance, when I reflect how much trouble my almoſt conſtant indiſpoſition occaſions to my friends; but the truly affectionate part your lordſhip condeſcends to take in what relates to me and my little concerns, is no ſmall ſupport to me under it, and one of the greateſt ſatisfactions I have to think upon in life. I moſt heartily return your lordſhip thanks both for your advice

advice and invitation. As I hope to ſpend but little of this ſeaſon in town, I believe I am under a neceſſity of having recourſe to aſſes milk, and the air of Carſhalton, to which I am adviſed, and where I found great benefit the laſt year: but having more of the ſummer now before me, I hope I ſhall be able, in ſome time, to wait on your lordſhip in a better ſtate of health than I have hitherto done, and to improve it with the pleaſures of Colegreen, of which I cannot help thinking as a ſort of home, ſince I am always ſure to meet there with the greateſt indulgence, in the kindeſt of patrons and beſt of friends.

I am, my lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LV.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor PARKER.

MY LORD,

WHILST your lordſhip's time has been ſo much engaged, I durſt not allow myſelf to break in upon it with any trifles of mine; but now you will have ſome receſs, I ſhall be proud if your lordſhip will let this ſmall poem * wait on you for

* "An ode to the Creator of the world, occaſioned by the "fragments of Orpheus;" printed for Tonſon in the year 1713, and reprinted in Mr. Hughes's poems, vol. ii. p. 79. This ode is mentioned with applauſe in the "Spectator," vol. vii, numb. 537 and 554.

for an audience, at ſome leiſure-hour in the country. It was written ſeveral years ago, when I had better health, for endeavours of this kind, than for ſome time of late, and was publiſhed at the particular inſtance of Mr. Addiſon, for whoſe judgment, I know, your lordſhip has a very juſt eſteem: and as my friends have perſuaded me to think this the moſt pardonable of my errors in print, I could not but be deſirous of making it known to your lordſhip, who, perhaps, may not have ſeen it at its firſt publication.

THE greateſt incitement to attempts of this kind (which have always ſomething ambitious in them) is the approbation of perſons of the firſt character in the age. Your lordſhip's extenſive genius has not more made you a judge of all the various improvements and productions the mind of man is capable of, than your goodneſs and humanity incline you to be an encourager of whatever is praiſe-worthy, or has even the merit of being well attempted. I cannot, on this occaſion, but applaud my own happineſs, in the ſtation I have the honour to be placed in, which gives me the pleaſure of contemplating ſo many great talents, and ſuch excellent virtues. And it is a double ſatisfaction to me to think, that I owe the favour I have received from your lordſhip, not only to the recommendation of your lordſhip's great and worthy predeceſſor, (to whom I have the higheſt obligations) but likewiſe to your own free and ready inclination; ſo ready and generous, as to meet

my

my requeſt, and almoſt prevent my aſking. So valuable a circumſtance in your lordſhip's favourable regard to me at firſt, and your conſtant kindneſs ſince, will engage my utmoſt zeal to approve myſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

Part of a Letter.

MY LORD, London, June 20, 1719.

——SINCE my laſt to your lordſhip, my fever has been pretty ſevere, and has wholly confined me to my own houſe, but is at laſt abated, by the drinking of aſſes milk twice a day, after the bark had failed; ſo that I think I am now on the mending hand, but have not yet been fit for any journey farther than to Earl's-court*. In a week or ten days, I hope to remove further, and to purſue the moſt probable methods to which I am directed for my recovery.

I CONDOLE

* Sir Richard Blackmore's.

I CONDOLE with your lordſhip the loſs of that fine genius Mr. Addiſon†. I ſhall often now think of that topic, from which Lucretius draws a very elegant reproof to a common undiſtinguiſhed perſon, who bewails himſelf on the ſhortneſs of life and the certain proſpect of death.

Lumina ſic etiam Solis bonus Ancu' reliquit,
Qui melior multis quam tu fuit, improbe, rebus.
Adde repertores doctrinarum atq; leporum,
Adde Heliconiadum comites ——
Tu vero dubitabis & indignabere obire?

DRYDEN, as I remember, has finely tranſlated this, but I cannot recollect the lines*.

I AM

† He died at Holland-houſe near Kenſington, in the 54th year of his age, three days before the date of this letter.

* They are as follows:

"Ancus, thy better far, was born to die,
"And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality†?

. . . . . .

"The founders of invented arts are loſt,
"And wits who made eternity their boaſt.

. . . . . .

"And thou, doſt thou, diſdain to yield thy breath,
"Whoſe very life is little more than death?"

† Mr. Pope has borrowed theſe two lines in his "tranſla-"tion of the Iliad, b. xxi." ſubſtituting only "Patroclus" for "Ancus" in the ſpeech of Achilles to Lycaon.

I AM not capable of writing your lordſhip any particulars of the action in Scotland*, not knowing any thing but by the public news: I wiſh your lordſhip and family much health, and am, with the greateſt zeal,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

I HAVE not yet been able to obey my lady Cowper's commands in ſeeing Sir Godfrey Kneller, but can aſſure her ladyſhip that the book in the picture is taken care of.

LETTER

* Among other ſchemes of Alberoni, one was to procure a diverſion of the troops from England to the north of Scotland, where a detachment of 300 Spaniards were to land with ſome of the rebel lords [Seaforth, Marſhal, and Tullibardin] who were to head their clans and followers there in a rebellion; and for that purpoſe they brought with them arms for 2000 men. The Spaniſh lieutenant-colonel, who commanded this detachment, being aſſured that he would be joined by 2000 rebels in arms as ſoon as he landed, finding himſelf diſappointed, was for returning in the frigates that brought him. A few of the clans, however, joined him, and they pretended to defend two paſſes, that of Glenſhill and that of Strachell, againſt major-general Wightman, who was advancing at the head of a body of regular troops to diſlodge them, which he did (June 10) with an inconſiderable loſs. Next day, the Spaniſh party ſurrendered themſelves priſoners at diſcretion, and delivered up their arms; and thus ended this attempt, the ſucceſs of which depended chiefly on that of the invaſion of England, which had before been defeated by a violent ſtorm which diſperſed

LETTER LVII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Wallington, *Aug. 30, 1719.

I AM extremely obliged to your lordſhip and lady Cowper for many kind enquiries after my health: I wiſh I had been in a condition ſooner to have given your lordſhip ſome account of it, but indeed I have been brought ſo low with my aſthma, and a continual lurking fever, and have lain ſo long in a languiſhing ſtate, that I cannot ſay, till very lately, I have had any thoughts of a recovery; and I am ſenſible it is ſtill very uncertain, ſo that, at beſt, I do not now flatter myſelf ſo much with the hopes of being well, as of moderating my diſtemper ſo as to be tolerably ill; which, in chronical caſes, of ſo long continuance as mine, is the moſt, I believe, that can reaſonably be expected.

I HAVE been very deſirous to make the experiment of this air, which is many ways recommended

perſed and diſabled the Spaniſh fleet of men of war and tranſports (with the duke of Ormond and 6000 troops on board) off Cape Finiſterre.

"Mod. univ. hiſt. vol. xv. p. 561-2."

* Neat Carſhalton, the ſeat of Mr. Bridges.

mended to me, and of gentle exerciſe: and theſe I have looked upon as my laſt reſerve. But I had unhappily loſt the greateſt part of the ſummer, before I was able to bear being removed to this place. I have now been here about three weeks, and found even ſo ſmall a journey a fatigue, which, together with a cold I ſoon got, renewed my fever, ſo that, at firſt, I was worſe for the change: however, I have now been ſeveral times on horſeback, ſometimes better, and ſometimes worſe, after it; but, upon the whole, I have gained an appetite, and ſome degree of ſtrength: with this little ſtock, I am trading on as cautiouſly as I can, and ſhould be in more hopes of increaſing it, if I had not long found my native climate too like that artificial one of 'Change-alley, (which, I think, has its name very properly,) ſo that what I have gained one week, I frequently loſe the next, and very often can as little tell why.

——— Among many ſatisfactions I am denied by my unhappy circumſtances, it is with great uneaſineſs, I find myſelf deprived of the hopes I had once entertained of ſeeing Hertfordſhire again this ſummer; and indeed I do not find my philoſophy more fail me in any article, or leave me to regret the want of health more, than when I reflect on thoſe favours of your lordſhip, which have rendered it chiefly deſirable to me, and which, more than any thing, would give reliſh to the enjoyments of it. But I muſt ſubmit to my lot, with the ſatisfaction that I can ſay, I have been

been happy; and I agree with my friend Horace, that he has had no ill portion.

——— *Cui licet in diem*
Dixiſſe, Vixi.

But for the reſt, viz. his recommending a total unconcern for what may happen to-morrow, it is a fine thought, but, I believe, was written in perfect health. May your lordſhip and your family long enjoy that, and every other ſatisfaction of life; which no one more ardently wiſhes, than

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LVIII.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Colegreen, Sept. 22, 1719.

I WOULD not anſwer the favour of yours of the 30th of laſt month ſooner, becauſe every trouble muſt be very diſagreeable to you, in your weak condition; and if receiving a letter be but a little one, yet writing, eſpecially in the manner that you do, muſt be too much exerciſe of your ſtrength, and I know you to be ſo good as to reckon yourſelf in debt from the time of your receiving

ceiving one: but rather than do you the leaſt harm, unleſs you mend much in point of health, I will acquit you for three lines.

It was a great pleaſure to hear by Mr. Hughes, you were a little better ſince my receipt of yours: I would adviſe you therefore to carry your hopes yet a little beyond the condition of being "tolerably ill;" and though you find yourſelf ſometimes worſe after riding, not to be diſcouraged, but to perſevere, if you are able: nothing can ſerve you effectually but that, and the eating within the appetite it procures you, that you may well digeſt what you eat; and how tempting ſoever a cordial is to the faint, touch none but after dinner. I am confident, I am guilty of repetition, and that I have ventured to write to this effect before; but I am very ſolicitous in this matter, and therefore I truſt you will excuſe me, if I preſs upon you, over and over, the rules, I am ſure, I have lived by for ſome years paſt.

I am of your opinion, that your friend Horace's unconcern for the "morrow" was a rant, wrote in good health, when he had reaſon to believe the morrow would be agreeable: 'tis all that can be deſired, from one under ſickneſs, to keep from a degree of dejection, which will help to increaſe the diſtemper.

MR. HUGHES * tells me you have made conſiderable alterations in your play. It would add to my ſatisfaction in ſeeing it repreſented, if I found you were there, and well enough to bear the lamps during the action.——

'TIS impoſſible to hinder ſelf-love from mixing with every thing; and I fear, if I call myſelf to a true account, the ſenſible diminution of the pleaſure I had, by your company, in my retirement, adds to the concern I ſhould otherwiſe have (though very great) for my friend's ſufferings. I am, with the trueſt affection and greateſt reſpect,

Sir,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

COWPER.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR, London, Nov. 5, 1719.

M. FONTENELLE, in one of his dialogue's *, mentioning the difference between barbarous

* Of Hertingfordbury, judge-advocate.

* Of the dead. A tranſlation of this work was publiſhed by

barous nations and thoſe which are accounted polite, makes it to conſiſt in this, that the latter generally take care to varniſh their actions with ſpecious pretexts, though, in reality, they have no more juſtice and integrity than the former. "Who-"ever would ſtrip Europe of her formalities," ſays Montezuma, who is one of the interlocutors, "would render her very like America. Civility "meaſures all your ſteps, dictates all your ſpeeches, "intricates all your diſcourſes, and perplexes all "your actions, but does not enter into your hearts; "and all the juſtice which ſhould be in your de-"ſigns, is found only in your pretexts." But if the religion, whoſe livery that gentleman is obliged to wear, would have given him leave to ſuffer his Indian to ſpeak out, he might have produced inſtances of more notorious violations of the laws of humanity by the refined and well-bred Europeans, without the maſk of plauſible pretexts, than can be paralleled among the wildeſt clans of rough barbarians, who, taught by nature, inviolably obſerve that golden rule, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris.* Witneſs the many ſlaughters and the wide deſtruction of the poor helpleſs Indians by the bloody Spaniards; witneſs the Pariſian and Iriſh maſſacres; and, above all, the fatal blow that was this day intended to be given; when,

by Mr. Hughes in 1708, to which are added two original dialogues, the one between Lucius Junius Brutus and Auguſtus Cæſar, and the other between Empedocles and Lucilio Vanini.

according to the notions of the conſpirators, (ſuch was their charity!) king, lords, and commons were to have been plunged "quick into "hell" without one moment's reſpite for repentance. On ſuch occaſions, who can forbear crying out with the poet,

What dire effects from ſuperſtition flow!

I HAVE been told by a friend, that he has ſeen ten or twelve Jews, at a time, burnt alive at Liſbon, merely for the ſake of their religion; while the people were rejoicing and triumphing round the kindled pile, and tauntingly exclaiming, "Now you are going to the Devil!" And yet the very ſame perſons might be ſeen to relent and ſhow tokens of compaſſion at the execution of a common malefactor. So far has the prieſt prevailed over the principles of nature and humanity!

IT is amazing how men can be made to believe, that the common Father of all, (who rejoices in all his works, elſe he would not have created them, or at leaſt would ceaſe to uphold them in being,) can be delighted with the deſtruction of his children, and pleaſed to ſee his divine images defaced: and that the ſource and centre of goodneſs and mercy can be atoned by human victims and the blood of their brethren! How much preferable are the dictates of pure uncorrupted nature to the religion of ſuch

chriſtians)

chriſtians! The God they frame to themſelves more reſembles a Baal or a Moloch, whoſe ears were delighted with the cries of miſerable victims, than that Being, whoſe darling attribute is mercy!

THE emperor Marcus Antoninus finely ſays; "If the queſtion be put to us, what is our art "or profeſſion, our anſwer ſhould be, To do "good. As God made the world, not for his "own good, (ſince he was infinitely happy be-"fore,) but for the good of his creatures; ſo our "religion muſt neceſſarily be this, to do good to his "creatures; for therein we concur with the will of "God." But the prepoſterous religion of theſe men ſeems to conſiſt in the unravelling of God's workmanſhip, at leaſt as far as it lies in their power, and in deſtroying all their fellow-creatures, whoſe minds are not caſt exactly in the ſame mould with their own. For they cannot intend their conviction by ſuch abſurd methods. Force may indeed make hypocrites, but can give no new light to the underſtanding. As ſoon may a fit of the gout be removed by a ſyllogiſm, or a violent fever by a demonſtration in Euclid, as the mind be illuminated by fire and faggot. "Such premiſes," as one pleaſantly ſays, "infer no concluſion, but "that of a man's life." And if you terrify a man into a profeſſion of what he does not believe, "inſtead of erecting a trophy to God," as an ingenious author obſerves, "you will only build a "monument for the Devil."

BUT for my farther opinion on this ſubject, I refer you to the late excellent archbiſhop Tillotſon's ſermon preached on this day's ſolemnity, 1688.

——— MR. CIBBER has lately publiſhed a play, (altered ſome years ago from the "Cid" of Corneille, and entitled the "Heroic daugh-"ter,") which he has dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, whom, among other topics of praiſe, he commends for his humility in ſubmitting to be aſſiſted by another great author, (plainly deſigning the late Mr. Addiſon,) and, by that means, letting him into a ſhare of fame with him. The daubing ſycophant tells him, that "he may "fairly apply to his ſingular conduct what An-"thony ſays of Octavius, in 'All for Love;"

"Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wings
"I bore this wren, till I was tired with ſoaring,
"And now he mounts above me."

ON this occaſion the following lines were written, extempore, by one who has an odd fancy that Cibber and Steele are inferior to Corneille and Addiſon;

"Thus Colley Cibber greets his partner Steele*,
"See here, ſir knight, how I've outdone Corneille!
"See

* They were at that time joint patentees.

" See here, how I, my patron to inveigle,
" Make Addiſon a wren, and you an eagle!
" Safe to their ſilent ſhades we bid defiance,
" For living dogs are better than dead lions."

I am, Sir,

Your very affectionate nephew†,

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER LX.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Wallington, Nov. 6, 1719.

IT is now ſome time ſince I had the honour of your lordſhip's laſt letter, and notwithſtanding your indulgence in ſo kindly excuſing me from writing, when you think it would be a fatigue to me under my illneſs, yet I am aſhamed to own the date of it. I have been unwilling to let you know, that I have been worſe than when I wrote laſt, and have not at any time ſince been able to ſay, I have been better, which is what I waited

 for;

† Mr. Duncombe's mother was Mr. Allen's youngeſt ſiſter. He had three other ſiſters, the eldeſt of whom was married to George Fulford, eſq; of Fulford in Devonſhire, the ſecond to John Wright, eſq; attorney-general of Jamaica in 1685, and the third, firſt to Sir John Tyrrell, bart. of Springfield-hall in Eſſex, and, after his death, to Sir Thomas Stampe, knight, lord-mayor of London in 1692.

for; only I think I have gained a little ſtrength of late, after ſeveral ſhocks of my fever, and that my aſthma is not quite ſo bad as it has ſometimes been. I am now preparing to leave this place, yet not being in a condition to bear the town, I have fixed my ſtation, for a time, to be in my old lodgings at Iſlington, having found that the moſt beneficial of any air near the town: ſo that I hope I may be able to get over this winter, as I have done ſome others; but I fear it will be moſtly within doors.

I FIND in every inſtance of goodneſs from your lordſhip my obligations increaſing; and I beg leave to ſay (if poſſible) my gratitude and affection. Your advice has an advantage over that of other phyſicians, for it carries a cordial with it. I am glad I can ſay, that the rules your lordſhip recommends, are what I have carefully followed for ſome time. I avoid all ſtrong cordials, eſpecially in a morning, drink very little wine, have left off malt liquors, and keep to a regimen, which, I hope, in time may do me ſervice. But I fear I am for ſome time a broken horſeman, having, with all the care I could take, ſuffered more by colds caught in riding, than I have gained by the air and exerciſe.

I HAVE finiſhed the alterations of my play, and I believe ſhall be determined, by the expectations of the town, to let it take its fortune on the ſtage, having had ſome aſſurance from the players,

players, that they will take care of it without my attendance. I ſhall beg leave ſhortly to aſk your lordſhip's, and my lady Cowper's, advice, in particular, relating to this affair, with which I will not trouble your lordſhip at preſent. I am, with all poſſible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXI.

Mr. HUGHES to the Counteſs COWPER*.

MADAM,

AS ſoon as I was informed, that your ladyſhip had done me the honour to enquire after my play, I reſolved, unfiniſhed as it is, to get it tranſcribed, and rather to ſend it imperfect than omit the very firſt opportunity of putting it into your ladyſhip's hands; there being nothing I ſhould more wiſh to its ſucceſs, than to have the pleaſure to ſee it grow up under ſo happy and illuſtrious a patronage.

I LOOK upon it, madam, as a very fortunate omen, that the perſon to whom I was moſt deſirous

* This lady (who was the earl's ſecond wife) was the daughter of John Clavering, eſq.

ous to introduce it, ſhould ſo generouſly afford me an apportunity of doing what I had before aſpired to. My nameſake* will acquaint you, that when I began this ſmall amuſement, I flattered myſelf with the ſecret hope of making it, when it ſhould be finiſhed, an humble offering to your ladyſhip. You have therefore, madam, if I may preſume to ſay it, been already a kind of muſe to this work; and I have written it under the influence of an ambition to pleaſe my lady Cowper. This, indeed, is owning a great deal; and if I have not been able, after all, to make it worthy of ſuch a diſtinction, yet I remember a remark of M. Fontenelle, "that in many things "we ſhould not proceed ſo far as we do, if we "did not, to animate our endeavours, propoſe to "ourſelves an imaginary point of perfection, "which is indeed beyond the reach of our utmoſt "abilities."

BUT your ladyſhip has laid an obligation upon me, the generoſity of which I can never ſufficiently acknowledge, in your entertaining, implicitly, ſo favourable an opinion of this performance, and its author, as to think of reading it to that great and royal perſon†, to whom nothing comes

* Edward Hughes, eſq; of Hertingfordbury.

† The princeſs of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline. Lady Cowper was one of her ladies of the bed-chamber. The offer that was made to her highneſs (when princeſs of Anſpach) of an alliance with the archduke Charles (afterwards the emperor Charles VI.) and her refuſing it, the condition annexed being a change of religion, are well known.

comes more advantageouſly recommended than by your ladyſhip. The merit of the chief character † in this play is, as your ladyſhip will obſerve, raiſed on that kind of virtue for which her royal highneſs is ſo illuſtriouſly diſtinguiſhed, an unſhaken adherence to her religion. But farther than this I have not preſumed to attempt, the circumſtances of the ſtory not allowing it to be a parallel character. I have therefore only done as painters do when they draw a Helen or Venus, they ſingle out ſome real object of beauty for their ſtudy; and though they vary the likeneſs, and do not pretend to draw the exact picture of that, or any other particular perſon, yet it ſerves them to raiſe and improve their own ideas. I am extremely ſenſible of the great honour your ladyſhip does me, and ſhall always endeavour to approve myſelf, with the utmoſt zeal,

Madam, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

† Eudocia.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. HUGHES to the Counteſs COWPER.

MADAM,

THE concern your ladyſhip was pleaſed to expreſs for my intereſt, when I had the honour to wait on you yeſterday, and the caution you were pleaſed to recommend to me not to hurt it, is ſo generous, that I cannot but think it deſerves my particular acknowledgments. I have thought of it ſince with that dutiful regard I ſhall always have to your ladyſhip's ſentiments, and am only ſorry that I am ſo far fruſtrated of my firſt deſign, as not to be at liberty to attempt (as I intended in the epilogue) to draw a very great character, of which I have only offered at ſome faint ſhadows in one part of the play. But if I muſt deny myſelf this ſatisfaction, for fear of offending, yet I cannot part with that other which has been my chief ambition in preparing this work for the public, the pleaſure of addreſſing it to your ladyſhip*. May I be forgiven, if I own farther, that I have a ſecret vanity in aſking this, at a time when your ladyſhip's virtues, and diſintereſted adherence to them, are at once the ornament and reproach of the age?

* This tragedy was, however, dedicated to earl Cowper.

age? It would be doing myſelf too much honour to believe it poſſible, that the reſentment of any perſons, on ſuch an occaſion, could deſcend to me. But if it ſhould, I have weighed the conſequences of that too, and, in the few proſpects I have, the greateſt ſatisfaction I know in life, is the care not to omit any of the material duties of it; among which I eſteem the owning my obligations to your ladyſhip. I ſhall therefore have the greater pride in obtaining your permiſſion to lay hold of this firſt opportunity that offers, of expreſſing to the public ſome part of the ſenſe I have of thoſe obligations, and with what duty I am,

Madam,

Your ladyſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. HUGHES to ROBERT WILKS, Eſq*;

SIR, Iſlington, Nov. 24, 1719.

I DESIRED Mr. Mills ſome time ago to acquaint you and the reſt of the managers, that I had juſt finiſhed the alterations of my play. Tho' I have

* Of this celebrated actor (who, it is allowed, has had no equal in genteel comedy) Cibber ſays,, "that if he was not the "moſt

I have met with many interruptions by my illneſs, I have now completed what I had deſigned, and given it all the finiſhing I am able. As it is now modelled, I think there is nothing left which may hazard the ſucceſs of it. But I hope I may ſay farther, that I have conſiderably improved it, and that in other places, beſides the chief incident. I have alſo retrenched whatever lines could be ſpared, to ſhorten it, without obſcuring the ſtory, or hurting the ſenſe. And now finding the town in expectation of it, and the demands of my friends (and of ſome great ones) preſſing upon me, I am willing it ſhould appear on the ſtage,

" moſt correct or judicious, yet (as Hamlet ſays of the king " his father) 'Take him for all in all, &c.' he was certainly the " moſt diligent, moſt laborious, and moſt uſeful actor that I " have ſeen upon the ſtage in fifty years."

Apology, &c. p. 408.

And to his moral character an excellent moraliſt bears the following teſtimony: " Mr. Wilks, whatever were his abilities " or ſkill as an actor, deſerves at leaſt to be remembered for " his virtues, which are not often to be found in the world, and " perhaps leſs often in his profeſſion than in others. To be " humane, generous, and candid is a very high degree of me- " rit in any ſtate; but theſe qualities deſerve ſtill greater praiſe " when they are found in that condition which makes almoſt " every other man, for whatever reaſon, contemptuous, inſo- " lent, petulant, ſelfiſh, and brutal."

Life of Savage, p. 16.

Sir Richard Steele, Wilks, Booth, and Cibber were at this time joint managers and patentees of the new theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-fields. Mr. Wilks died in Sept. 1732. Pope ſays, on that occaſion, in a letter to Gay, " The death of Wilks " leaves Cibber without a collegue, abſolute and perpetual dic- " tator of the ſtage, though indeed while he lived, he was but " as Bibulus to Cæſar."

ſtage, though my bad health, which has hitherto interrupted it, makes me incapable of attending it. To this, I aſſure you, nothing more encourages me than my dependence on you, and your friendſhip, which I promiſe myſelf on this occaſion; and I ſhall believe, that, though I cannot be preſent, yet under your care and direction nothing can be wanting to give it the utmoſt advantages. Mr. Southerne has the copy, and will deliver it to you very ſhortly: he is ſo generous as to offer me any aſſiſtance in ſupply of my abſence, and will, whenever it may be neceſſary, attend the rehearſals. I make you no compliment, but that of my real opinion, when I aſſure you, that I think no one can more truly touch all the tenderneſs of heart and variety of paſſions in the character of Phocyas than yourſelf, and that I ſhall have a particular pleaſure in your taking that part. That of Caled is a bold theatrical one, and is the real character of a man who appears very great and terrible in the hiſtory of thoſe times. Mr. Booth would give it a very great ſtrength and luſtre; as Mrs. Oldfield would add all the grace and beauty poſſible to the part of Eudocia. Mr. Mills, I believe, will like that of Abudah, and the good-nature of the part makes it very fit for him*. But theſe matters I hope to be able to ſettle with you very ſhortly; and as ſoon

* The parts, however, were, it ſeems, very differently caſt, the good-natured Mr. Mills performing the part of the fierce and cruel Caled, Mr. Wilks Eumenes, Mr. Booth Phocyas, Mr. Thurmond Abuda, and Mrs. Porter Eudocia.

ſoon as I can bear to lie a night in town at my own houſe, I will let you know and aſk the favour of ſeeing you there on a Sunday evening, or ſome time that may be convenient to you. In the mean time, I beg you would let the play be copied out, and put into a forwardneſs, that no time may be loſt.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. WILKS to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Nov. 30, 1719.

I COULD not ſo properly anſwer your obliging letter, till I had received your play, which Mr. Southerne put into my hands laſt Saturday: we are now very buſy about his "Spartan dame *," which

* This play was written "before" the revolution, but was never permitted to be acted "before," though the author had often ſolicited for leave.

"Britiſh theatre, p. 111."

"By the favour of indulging friends," (as the author expreſſes it in his preface,) this play ſucceeded on the ſtage beyond expectation.—It was indeed inimitably acted, Booth, Wilks, Mills ſen. Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter, all performing in it, in the height of their reputation, and the full vigour of their powers. Mr. Southerne cleared, it was ſaid, 500l. by it: and, in his dedication, he told the duke of Argyle, that "it had "procured him ſo large a poetical eſtate of reputation, that he "could

which we propoſe to launch ſome day next week. Nothing in my power ſhall be wanting to put yours in the utmoſt forwardneſs; and I do aſſure you, ſir, I am concerned, on a double account, that your ill ſtate of health has interrupted it ſo long. When I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you (which I hope will be ſoon) I ſhall be glad to take your farther inſtructions about it.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

ROB. WILKS.

LETTER LXV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 22, 1719.

YOU may remember I promiſed you a criticiſm upon an "ode of Horace" by Mr. Hughes. That gentleman has ſince made me a more valuable preſent, viz. "a beautiful ode in alluſion to it," which will let you into the ſenſe of it in a more agreeable manner than a mere criticiſm could have done. The ode I mean is the 20th of the ii. book. As Horace has inſcribed it to Mæcenas, lord Cowper is Mr. Hughes's patron, who will be

"could afford to pay his grace part of the debt that he owed "him, out of the income of it." Mr. Allen told the author, five and twenty years before, that it would never ſucceed, but on reading it again, "found it very different (he ſaid) from "what it was then."

be allowed, by all equal judges, to be a greater man than the former appears to have been by any authentic proofs in hiſtory; and as Horace was the beſt lyric poet of his time, Mr. Hughes may, without flatttery, be reckoned of the living lyric poets *facile princeps*. He is one of thoſe few ——

——— *Quibus arte benignâ*
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan;

And ſeems to have been formed (to borrow an agreeable metaphor from the late archbiſhop of Cambray) " by the hands of the graces." He ſtands diſtinguiſhed by his ſkill in muſic and drawing, as well as by the ſmiles of the muſes who preſide over poetry and the other parts of polite literature.

BECAUSE it is poſſible, that Horace may not be in your company when you receive this letter, I will, in the firſt place, tranſcribe ſome lines of the original, and briefly conſider, how they have been generally underſtood by commentators.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

NON uſitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates: neque in terris morabor
Longius; invidiâque major

Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas
Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo;
Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

Jam

Jam jam reſidunt cruribus aſperæ
Pelles; et album mutor in alitem
Superne; naſcunturque leves
Per digitos humeroſque plumæ.

Jam, Dædaleo ocior Icaro, &c.

THE chief diſpute has been whether *dilecte* is to be joined with *Mæcenas*, or to follow *vocas* in the ſenſe of *O dilecte*. Some take it the former way, and then they underſtand *vocas* to ſignify the ſame with *vocas ad cœnam*, as it is uſed by Catullus and other Latin writers. But M. Dacier rejects this ſenſe (I think with reaſon) as unworthy of Horace, and fitter for a paraſite than a polite writer. He, therefore, and others, conſtrue it the latter way; but then all the uſe they make of it, is, that they ſuppoſe Horace "inſinuates to Mæcenas in an "agreeable manner," (as M. Dacier expreſſes himſelf) that he was not unworthy of the affection and tenderneſs his patron teſtified for him, in calling him, "my dear, my life," and in uſing other expreſſions of the like import, ſince he was ſo excellent a poet, and ſhould be crowned with immortality. So that the whole deſign of Horace, according to theſe gentlemen, is to be the herald of his own praiſe, and modeſtly to acquaint Mæcenas, (if you will allow a modern phraſe) what a "very pretty fellow" he was. The learned Dr. Bentley's fruitful genius has diſcovered a ſenſe, of which, I believe, none of his predeceſſors ever thought, and he delivers it with the authority of an oracle. His words are ſo very

very remarkable, that I cannot forbear tranſcribing them:—

" *Quid multa? ſine dubio ſic conſtruendus eſt locus,* 'non ego, non ego obibo, quem vocas Sanguis 'pauperum parentem.' *Hic nihil jam ineptum; hic pulchrè habet antitheſis;* 'non ego, quem pauperis 'libertini filium vocas, obibo: neque paupertas 'neque ignobilitas generis obſtabit, quo minus 'ſempiternum nomen ex ſcriptis meis conſequar.'

But notwithſtanding this triumph, the doctor can ſcarce believe, that the good-natured Mæcenas could in earneſt upbraid his beloved Horace with his being born "*patre libertino*;" and therefore, to ſolve the matter, he conjectures that he muſt only ſpeak it jocularly; or rather, (according to the laudable maxim, *poſito quolibet ſequitur quodlibet,*) that thoſe blundering rogues the tranſcribers have made a miſtake here, and that, inſtead of *vocas*, we ought to read *vocant*; which, by the help of *ſubintelligitur nominativus*, and an emphatical *ſcilicet*, ſignifies, that the enemies and maligners of Horace upbraided him with the meanneſs of his parentage.

Mr. Hughes takes this ode to be only a genteel compliment to Mæcenas, and, in ſhort, no more than this, that though he was deſcended from obſcure parents, yet, ſince Mæcenas had honoured him with his friendſhip, and treated him with ſo much tenderneſs and affection, he was above envy, and ſecure of immortality. And the

" *non*

"*non uſitatâ pennâ*" in the firſt ſtanza, the "*jam* "*jam*" in the third, and the "*jam*" in the fourth all confirm this ſenſe. It is indeed ſo plainly the drift of the ode, that when it has been once pointed out, we are ready to wonder (as the Spaniards did at Columbus's breaking the end of the egg, and making it ſtand upright,) how any one could miſs it. And yet I do not remember to have met with any commentator, who has placed it in this light. But I will no longer detain you from the pleaſure of reading Mr. Hughes's ode.

ODE

To the Lord Chancellor COWPER.

In alluſion to Horace, book ii. ode 20.

1.

I'M rais'd, tranſported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a tow'ring ſwan, to ſoar
Aloft; ſee, ſee the down ariſe,
And cloath my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings ſhoot forth; I now will try
New tracts, and boldly mount the ſky,
Nor envy, nor ill fortune's ſpite,
Shall ſtop my courſe, or damp my flight.

2.

Shall I, obſcure or diſeſteem'd
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to ſave
From dark oblivion and the grave?

No

No—he can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condeſcends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

3.

'Tis done—I ſcorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths ſhall bind my brow.
Whether the muſe vouchſafe t'inſpire
My breaſt with her celeſtial fire;
Whether my verſe be fill'd with flame,
Or I deſerve a poet's name,
Let fame be ſilent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

4.

Through Britain's realms I ſhall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own:
And when the tomb my duſt ſhall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be ſpar'd, and every tear;
Let but ſome ſtone this ſculpture bear,
"Here lies his clay, to earth conſign'd,
"To whom great Cowper once was kind." 1717.

As averſe to vanity as I hope I am, I cannot but be pleaſed with the favourable opportunity of adding my name after that of ſo diſtinguiſhed a patriot and fine an orator, which is given me by my being,

Sir,
Your moſt affectionate nephew,
and humble ſervant,
W. DUNCOMBE.

MR. HUGHES's "Siege of Damaſcus" is now in Drury-lane houſe, and will come on in about a month's time. He is at a loſs for a good "go-"vernor *," and wiſhes Elrington had been here.

YOU may perhaps wonder, that I ſay not a word of the applauded "Spartan dame." The author bears the character of a courteous, well-natured gentleman, and is likewiſe one of Mr. Hughes's friends; and therefore I am ſilent.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. HUGHES to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM†.

MY LORD, [London, Jan. 1719-20.]

I TAKE the liberty, by the hands of Mr. Rotherham, to ſend your grace the copy of a play now in the houſe, and in a forwardneſs to be acted: I heartily wiſh I had been favoured with an opportunity of ſubmitting it to your grace's peruſal ſooner, which might have been much to my inſtruction

* "Eumenes."

† A man of uncommon wit and ſpirit, and of no leſs gallantry and politeneſs. He cultivated an early acquaintance with Dryden and other men of genius, to whom he was indebted for a much greater ſhare of reputation than was derived from his perſonal merit.

"Granger's biograph. hiſt. vol. ii, part 2, p. 493."

His grace died Feb. 24, 1720-21, aged 77.

ſtruction and advantage; but I cannot, even now, ſatisfy myſelf without being ambitious of having the opinion of the beſt judge of the age. I know not how it has happened to ſo great a lover of poetry (though a very ſmall dealer in it) as myſelf, to be always a perſonal ſtranger to your grace; but I muſt beg leave to ſay, on this occaſion, that your excellent *Eſſay on Poetry*, which I often read and ſtudied when a boy, was one of the firſt pieces that both inſtructed me to write and deterred me from it; ſo that I have not made this adventure for the ſtage till an age of life, which is uſually thought not too young for judgment, if that be ever attained, nor paſt the warmth of fancy. And now, looking upon it as a ſort of poetical debt to lay it before your grace, as the eldeſt, as well as the beſt, critic of our Engliſh poetry, I can truly ſay, that the mixed applauſe of an audience (if I were ſure of it) will not give me ſo ſolid a pleaſure, as to know, that it has, in ſome degree, your grace's approbation.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Jan. 22, [1719-20,]

YOUR letter found me, as I have long been, in a ſtate of health almoſt as bad as that you complain of; and indeed what makes me utterly incapable of attending to any poetical taſk, even that of Homer. This minute too I can ſcarce return you the civility of an anſwer, being in the full operation of a vomit I have taken. I can only ſay, with ſincerity, I am heartily concerned for your illneſs, and the more uneaſy with my own, in that it hinders me from ſerving you. I truly wiſh you health and life, to enjoy that reputation and thoſe advantages which ſo much ingenuity, joined with ſo much virtue, deſerves. As ſoon as I am able to be in town, I will wait on you with the play, in which, and in every thing elſe, I wiſh you all ſucceſs. I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and moſt obedient ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Red-lion-ſtreet, January 22, 1719-20.

I HUMBLY beg your lordſhip's acceptance of this picture *, which I had ſent ſooner, but that I received it not till lately from Sir Godfrey, with a caution to take care of it for ſome time, the drapery not being quite dry. I am the more emboldened to preſent it, the hand being Kneller's, and (as he ſays, and other good judges of painting think) not one of his worſt performances. It is impoſſible I can place it in any hands ſo much to my own pleaſure and ſatisfaction as your lordſhip's, if it may but ſerve to remind you of one, on whom you have beſtowed the moſt generous and engaging favours: and I am very deſirous, that whatever happens to me, I may have the honour to have ſome memorial of me remain in your lordſhip's family; to which I have ſuch great and particular obligations. I am, with all poſſible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LET-

* This picture is at Colegreen. A print was engraved from it by Gerard Vandergucht, and prefixed to Mr. Hughes's poems.

LETTER LXIX.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Jan. 24, 1719-20.

I THANK you for the moſt acceptable preſent of your picture, and aſſure you that none of this age can ſet a higher value upon it than I do, and ſhall while I live; though I am ſenſible, poſterity will out-do me in that particular.

I am with the greateſt eſteem and ſincerity,
Sir, your moſt affectionate
and obliged humble ſervant,
COWPER.

I intend to wait on you very quickly, if I hear you are well enough to be troubled with me.

LETTER LXX.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you the play ſooner than I am willing to part with what I like ſo extremely well, becauſe you preſs it. Upon my word, I think it

every way worthy of you, and make not the leaſt doubt but the world will do you the juſtice you deſerve in the acceptation of it. I continue very much out of order, but muſt be forced to be in town (well or ill) ſome days this week, upon indiſpenſable affairs; when I will wait upon you, and tell you my ſincere thoughts, none of which is more ſincere than that I am truly

Your moſt obliged and
moſt faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER LXXI.

JOHN MERRILL, Eſq*; to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Golden-ſquare, Feb. 1719-20.

THOUGH it is a long time ſince I had the pleaſure to ſee you, yet I believe you have heard from ſome of both our friends, that I have not forgot frequent enquiries after a health that ſhared my

* At this time member of parliament for Tregony, and afterwards for St. Albans. He died in December 1734. Lord Bathurſt, in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated November 22, 1735, mentions him in the following manner: "I have loſt the trueſt "friend, I may almoſt ſay, ſervant, that ever man had, in Mr. "Merrill; he underſtood the courſe of the revenues, and the "public accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, "than any man in it, and in this reſpect, he was of ſingular "uſe to me."

my warmeſt wiſhes; and I have, with the greateſt concern, heard of the illneſs you labour under, and am very ſorry it is to ſuch a reaſon I owe the loſs of the very great ſatisfaction I ſhould have had in marking the beauties as well as reading the words of your play; which came to me in ſuch an unlucky time, that I cannot ſay I have read it, though the hour or two I have taken from my ſleep to look upon it, makes me aſhamed to own I have not improved the opportunity your friendſhip gave me of ſo agreeable an entertainment, which I hope to make myſelf ſome amends for by a greater attention when it appears in public, whoſe favour, I believe, you will have little occaſion to aſk by your friends, if the houſe have taken care to caſt the parts as they ought; for the novelty, that ſecures the firſt audience, will, I doubt not, be ſo many friends to increaſe the ſucceeding ones to your wiſhes. . . . . .

I AM glad of every occaſion to expreſs the ſincere eſteem and friendſhip with which

I am, &c.

J. MERRILL.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. HUGHES to the Duke of NEWCASTLE*.

MY LORD, Feb. 4, 1719-20.

THOUGH I am ſo weak as to be forced to make uſe of another hand to write, having for a long time lain under a dangerous illneſs, yet your grace's generoſity is ſo extraordinary, that I cannot forbear returning you my moſt humble thanks for your protection and recommendation of my play to the care of the actors, and your zealous encouragement of it, which I eſteem as a very great honour. This is the more generous, and worthy of your grace, in regard that I have given up this play to the importunity of my friends, and the expectation of the town, at a time when I am not capable of looking after it myſelf, or ſoliciting its intereſt, and when I cannot ſo much as ſee it acted. If I recover, I ſhall, with the greateſt pleaſure, take the firſt opportunity

* His grace was then lord-chamberlain. After filling moſt of the higheſt offices of ſtate under three princes with the utmoſt integrity and ſteadineſs of principles, he died Nov. 17, 1768, aged 75.

opportunity of waiting on your grace with my thanks in perſon, and ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful ſenſe of your favour to

Your graces, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Feb. 18, 1719-20*.

I HAVE been much concerned not to have waited upon you as I deſigned, ſince you obliged me with your play. I am ſince much more troubled to hear of the continuance of your illneſs. Would to God you might live as long, as, I am ſure, the reputation of your tragedy muſt! I am a fellow-ſufferer with you, in not being able to ſee it played, having been and ſtill being too much indiſpoſed to go to any public place. But I could be extremely glad, ſome particular friends of mine had that pleaſure I cannot enjoy: you would highly favour me in letting three or four ladies have a ſide-box, who have

* Mr. Hughes died the night before this letter was written, aged 42.

ſent into the country to me, upon information that the boxes are diſpoſed of by you, I am ſorry to give you this trouble, when perhaps, for your health's ſake, you ſhould not have a moment's diſturbance, and I could not ſend ſooner at this diſtance. Pray think I wiſh you all the ſucceſs you deſerve, and all the health you want.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR, London, February 23, 1719-20.

YESTER-NIGHT I performed the laſt ſad office to the remains of my late honoured friend Mr. Hughes, by attending them to the grave, and ſupporting the pall. *Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus tam chari capitis?* I am overwhelmed with grief, and know not what to ſay. He departed this life in the prime of his age, and on the very night his tragedy was firſt acted, ſome few hours after it had been received with the univerſal ap-

plauſe

plauſe of his grateful countrymen*. He had indeed been languiſhing in a conſumption for ſeveral years; but yet, as long as life remained, his friends were willing to cheriſh hope. The vigour of his mind remained unbroken to the laſt, and about ten days before he died, he drew up a very elegant dedication to lord Cowper, which when his brother had tranſcribed, he bade him add the date, rightly preſaging that he ſhould not live to ſee it publiſhed. He was induced to bring it on the ſtage chiefly by the hopes of being uſeful to his relations, and expreſſed himſelf well pleaſed, on that account, that he had put the finiſhing hand to it. It is ſurpriſing that he ſhould be able to write ſo nervous and ſpirited a prologue, and ſo humorous an epilogue, in ſuch a languiſhing condition. When he found himſelf declining apace, he ſaid, that "if his illneſs con-
"tinued to grow upon him ſo faſt, the prologue
"muſt be ſpoken in black §; and, (added he,)
"I doubt, this will be too much for my friends
"to bear." On the day before he died, he ſaid,
"I am now burning out apace."———I find,
this melts me too much, and therefore I muſt
forbear.

* "So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
"With anguiſh bore the arrow in his wound;
"Then drew the ſhaft from out his tortur'd ſide,
"Let guſh the torrent of his blood, and died."
Dr. Young.

§ The prologue to Mr. Thomſon's poſthumous tragedy of "Coriolanus," which was written by Mr. (now lord) Lyttleton, was thus ſpoken by Mr. Quin. Such a prologue, ſo ſpoken, ſo felt, was more pathetic than moſt tragedies.

forbear. He only wiſhed to live till he had accompliſhed ſome beneficent actions. One of which was, to have done ſomething for the relief of the great Milton's daughter†, who bears the character of a woman of very good ſenſe, but is reduced ſo low, as to be obliged to teach ſchool for a livelihood: and Mr. Hughes could have been ſerviceable to her by the intereſt he had among perſons of diſtinction. After he had quite finiſhed his play, he deſired to hear no more of it, that he might turn his thoughts to more important ſubjects. He would often ſay, he

† Deborah, Milton's third daughter, who married Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver, in Spital-fields, and died Auguſt 24, 1727, aged 76. Dr. Ward, profeſſor of rhetoric at Greſham-college, knew her by the likeneſs ſhe bore to her father's picture, and telling her ſo, ſhe informed him that Mr. Addiſon told her the ſame thing; for he, hearing ſhe was alive, ſent for her, and deſired her to bring ſome papers of her father's as a proof of her being his daughter. But ſhe was no ſooner introduced to him than he ſaid, "Madam, you need no "other voucher, your face is a ſufficient teſtimony whoſe "daughter you are." He made her a handſome preſent of a purſe of guineas, with a promiſe of procuring her an annual proviſion for her life; but he dying ſoon after, ſhe loſt the benefit of his generous deſign. She appeared to be a woman of good ſenſe, and a genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. She had ſeveral children, and for the benefit of her youngeſt daughter, Elizabeth (who married Mr. Thomas Foſter, and kept a chandler's ſhop in Cock-lane near Shore-ditch) the maſk of "Comus" was acted at Drury-lane houſe in 1750 (with a prologue by Mr. Samuel Johnſon) which brought her near 130l. Mrs. Clarke, being ill treated by her mother-in-law, went and lived as a companion with a Mrs. Merrion in Ireland, till her marriage, and came over again to England during the troubles in Ireland under king James II.

" Birch's life of Milton, p. lxxvi, lxxvii.

he thought it a fond thing for perſons to deſire to give a ſignal before they had their heads ſtruck off; "for," added he, "if it were left to "us, we ſhould have always one little thing "or other to do, that would make us unwilling "to quit the ſtage of life."

I COULD dwell much longer on ſo worthy a ſubject, but the ingenious writer of the incloſed paper * has happily prevented me. And one who was more intimately acquainted with Mr. Hughes, during the latter part of his life than the writer of it, cannot but bear teſtimony to the truth of the character there given.

MAY you long enjoy a firm ſtate of health for the comfort and improvement of all your friends, and particularly of, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate nephew,

W. DUNCOMBE †.

ONE.

* The "Theatre," numb. 15. By Sir John Edgar (Sir Richard Steele.) See it in the preface to Mr. Hughes's poems, p. xxxviii.

† Mr. Duncombe, in the year 1726, married Mr. Hughes's only ſiſter, and in 1735, publiſhed his "poems, with ſome "ſelect eſſays in proſe," in two volumes.

ONE day, when Mr. Hughes recovering from a violent fit of coughing, had breathed himſelf, (it was not long after he had written his "Cha-"ron*,") he ſaid ſmiling, "My friend Charon "will waft me over in a little while, and leave "all this behind."

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JABEZ HUGHES†.

SIR, Feb. 26, 1719-20.

I CANNOT omit the acknowledgment I really think I owe your great civility, eſpecially at

* See note on letter liii.

† Younger brother of Mr. John Hughes, and, like him, a votary of the muſes, and an excellent ſcholar. He publiſhed, in 1714, a tranſlation of "The rape of Proſerpine" from "Claudian, and "The ſtory of Sextus and Erictho" from "Lucan's Pharſalia, b. vi. in 8vo. Theſe tranſlations, with notes, were reprinted in 12°. in 1723. He alſo publiſhed, in 1717, a tranſlation of Suetonius's "lives of the twelve Cæſars," and tranſlated ſeveral "novels" from the Spaniſh of Cervantes, which are inſerted in "The ſelect collection of novels and "hiſtories," printed for Watts, 1729. He died January 17, 1731, in the 46th year of his age. A volume of his "Miſ-"cellanies, in verſe and proſe," was publiſhed in 1737. His widow accompanied the lady of governor Byng to Barbadoes, and died there in 1740.

at ſo melancholy and affecting a moment as that of your worthy brother's death muſt have been to you. Indeed, even his common acquaintance muſt have known enough of him to regret his loſs; and I moſt heartily condole with you upon it. I believe, I am further obliged to you for his play; which I received yeſterday, and read over again with more concern and ſorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy. The real loſs of a good man may be called a diſtreſs to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient diſtreſs, how finely drawn ſoever. I am glad of an occaſion to give you, under my hand, this teſtimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author. I am, with my hearty thanks to you, Sir,

Your moſt obliged
and moſt humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. JABEZ HUGHES to Mr. POPE.

SIR, London, May 16. 1720.

THERE is ſomething ſo ſingularly polite in your being pleaſed to honour me with the laſt volumes of your excellent "Homer," that I am impatient

impatient to return my thanks immediately for ſo acceptable a favour. I have often heard my dear brother mention your preſenting him with the volumes which were publiſhed in his life-time, with much pleaſure, as an obliging expreſſion of friendſhip; but thus to complete your valuable gift to one, who never had the happineſs of being perſonally known to you, is particularly genteel and kind.

I AM the more touched with this unexpected regard, as proceeding from an author, who had always appeared to me diſtinguiſhed by a certain peculiar felicity and elegance of genius, from which the principal and inimitable graces of poetry ariſe; and though, from this prepoſſeſſion, I believed your tranſlation, when you began it, would be performed with great beauty and merit, I muſt own the ſucceſs is beyond my expectation, and I am ſurpriſed to ſee with what vigour you have ſupported ſo long a labour; with what a wonderful warmth of imagination, a copiouſneſs and power of expreſſion, and fine harmony of numbers you have conducted it to the end. We know the privilege Horace indulgently allowed to Homer himſelf, in the length of ſo extended a courſe; but you have certainly waved it in the tranſlation, and are "awake" through the whole.

IN a word, ſir, I congratulate you very heartily on your happy concluſion of this noble undertaking, by which you have enriched our tongue with

with an admirable verſion of the moſt celebrated poem of antiquity, and have acquired to yourſelf the immortality of your applauded author.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged and obedient ſervant,

JABEZ HUGHES.

LETTER LXXVII*.

From EDWARD HARRISON, Eſq;

SIR, St. James's Place, Sept. 21, 1734.

I HAVE looked over all my poetical papers, but cannot find any of Mr. Hughes's writing. I believe, I gave a good many, ſoon after his death, to his brother, and ſome to your lady. I ſhould readily contribute any thing in my power; a complete edition of the works of a gentleman, for whom I had ſo great a value, being what I have long deſired.....

.....I COULD wiſh the alterations he was forced to ſubmit to make in the "Siege of Da-"maſcus," were printed, which would make ſome of the ſcenes more reaſonably paſſionate, and by conſequence more engaging †.

I am, Sir, your obedient ſervant,

E. HARRISON.

I do

* This and the thirteen following letters are addreſſed to Mr. Duncombe.

† See note on letter xlix.

I DO not doubt but you know that Mr. Hughes's life, as publiſhed by Jacob *, was written by himſelf.

LETTER LXXIX.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR, Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1734.

I AM obliged for the favour of yours. I have looked for the letter Mr. Hughes ſent me, but cannot find it. I had a great regard for his merit, modeſty, and ſoftneſs of manners. He writ to me a few days before his death, concerning his play of the "Siege of Damaſcus," which is the only letter I can meet with.

I THANK you for the part you are pleaſed to take, both in regard to my health (which has, I thank God, been as good as uſual,) and to my reputation, my poetical welfare, which I reſign as much to Providence as the other. But truly I had not the leaſt thought of ſtealing applauſe by ſuppreſſing my name to that "eſſay"†: I wanted only to hear truth, and was more afraid of my partial friends than enemies. Beſides, I really was humble and diffident enough, to diſtruſt my own.

* In the "lives of the poets."

† The "eſſay on man." This work came out ſeparately, the firſt book being publiſhed in 1732, and the laſt in 1734.

own performance. All I can ſay of it is, that I know it to be an honeſt one.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER LXXIX.

From the Rev. Dr. WATTS†.

SIR, From lady Abney's at Newington, Nov. 1, 1734.

YOUR preſent of a ticket, which entitles me to Mr. Hughes's "poems," was an agreeable ſurpriſe. My acquaintance and intimacy with that ingenious gentleman was in the younger years of life chiefly; our later ſituations in the world divided us ſo far as to prevent frequent converſation, though not to deſtroy mutual eſteem. . . . . Your lady, I believe, I have ſeen as a child in ſome of my ancient viſits to Mr. John Hughes, when his brother, Jabez, was a little boy. While I write thus, methinks I recal youth, and revive ſome buried ideas. But eternity lies before me, and appears in a much nearer view. May I be found ready for the important ſummons! . . . .

I HAVE

† See note on letter ii.

I HAVE ſeen the French "Athaliah" * long ago, and by your tranſlation † now enjoy the Engliſh; but a man of my character muſt not too much indulge what relates to the modern ſtage, becauſe of its vicious entertainments. It is my opinion that dramatic poeſy might have been uſeful to many happy purpoſes, had it always been kept within the bounds preſcribed by virtue and religion, as Racine has done. But, as you ſay from Horace concerning yourſelf, "*Quid verum atq; decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum,*" ſo I muſt ſay (at leaſt ſince my laſt publiſhed miſcellanies) *Nunc itaque et verſus et cætera ludicra pono.*

Mr. Samuel Say ‡ (of whom you write) was an old intimate of Mr. John Hughes at the ſame time with me, being all fellow-ſtudents together in logic and philoſophy. He is very lately fixed in London, a miniſter to that congregation which was lately under the care of the Rev. Dr. Calamy. With all due ſalutations,

I am, &c.

I. WATTS.

LET-

* By Racine.

† Printed for Watts, 1723. There have have been three editions of it.

‡ See note on letter iv.

LETTER LXXX.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR, Twit'ham, Nov. 5, [1734.]

I AM extremely willing to bear any teſtimony of my real regard for Mr. Hughes, and therefore what you mention of my letter to his brother *, after his death †, will be a greater inſtance of the ſincerity with which it was given: it is perfectly at your ſervice. I thank you for the tenderneſs with which you deal in this matter toward me, and I eſteem you for that which you ſhow to the memory of your kinſman. I doubt not but you will diſcharge it in a becoming manner, and am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LET-

* Deſiring to inſert it (with Mr. Pope's conſent) in the memoirs of Mr. Hughes prefixed to his "poems."

† See letter lxxv.

LETTER LXXXI.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR, Edinburgh, Nov. 21, 1734.

I HAD the pleaſure to receive a letter from you, which I would have anſwered ſooner; but this happens to be a time when I have a good deal of buſineſs upon my hands, in preparing for my winter work, and the inſtruction of the young gentlemen who ſtudy that law under my care.

MY friendſhip for Mr. Hughes, and the reſpect I have for his memory, make it agreeable to me to hear of any thing particular relating to ſo near a relation of his as you are. You may imagine therefore the account you give me of your family was moſt acceptable. And, in return, I am to tell you, that I am very happy in mine. The *Sparkler*, I am afraid, is not now ſo proper a name for Mrs. Bayne as it was when I wrote that letter* you mention: however, that part of the brilliant which ſhe has loſt, is loſt only by communication, for ſhe has brought me two girls, one of twenty and another of eighteen, who have caught it; and I have the ſatisfaction to think, it is the leaſt part of their value that they are handſome. I have three

* See letter xxii.

three boys, the eldeſt of ſeven years of age, who are all much handſomer than is needful for them, and the eldeſt promiſes ſomething of a genius, which I am the apter to flatter myſelf with the hopes of, as his eldeſt ſiſter has it; who, without being in the ſmalleſt degree prompted, has gone through more books than moſt men of twice her age uſually do: and, which is beſt of all, ſhe is not ſenſible of that ſuperiority ſhe has over moſt of her ſex of like age with herſelf.

I AM much pleaſed to find you are carrying on an edition of Mr. Hughes's poetical works, ... and am, with a ſincere affection, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

AL. BAYNE.

LETTER LXXXII.

From Mr. GALLIARD.

SIR, Dec. 10, 1734.

I THANK you for the preſent of the works of Mr. Hughes, the long continued friendſhip of whom was always dear to me, and whoſe talents I valued. Concerning the paragraph you mention, I muſt ſet you right in ſome particulars. I did not compoſe the choruſſes to both the duke of Buckingham's tragedies; for Signor Bononcini ſet

ſet to muſic thoſe of "Marcus Brutus," written partly by the duke, and partly by Mr. Pope; and I ſet thoſe to the tragedy of "Julius Cæſar," entirely written by his grace *.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. E. GALLIARD.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Mrs. ROWE †.

SIR, Frome ‡, Jan. 11, 1734-5.

THE "elegy" § you mention is at your ſervice, and (with my lord Orrery's conſent) the charming

* The author of "The Britiſh theatre" is therefore miſtaken in ſaying, p. 179, that "the choruſſes of 'both' theſe plays "were ſet to muſic by that great compoſer, Signor Bononcini." Theſe plays were to have been performed in the year 1729; but Engliſh voices being few, the Italians were applied to, who demanded more for their nightly performances than the receipts of the houſe would amount to, at the uſual raiſed prices; and, on that account, the deſign was dropped. Mr. (now biſhop) Warburton obſerves that "the two choruſſes were made at the "requeſt of the duke, to adorn a very poor performance of his, "and that they have the uſual effect of all ill-adjuſted orna-"ments, they make the meanneſs of the piece more conſpi-"cuous."

"Notes to the firſt chorus in vol. i. of
"Pope's works, edit. Warburton."

† This pious and ingenious lady, the daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, a diſſenting miniſter at Ilcheſter, was at this time the relict of Mr. Thomas Rowe, on whoſe death (in 1715) ſhe retire

charming "poem" it occaſioned. My lôrd Orrery's approbation would be my vanity and boaſt, if I could but perſuade myſelf I deſerved it. The poem of Mr. Rowe's "on liberty" was never finiſhed *; but any of the trifles that I have written, you may command whenever you pleaſe. I have a copy of Mrs. Madan's "elegy on Mr. "Hughes," † and have read it a thouſand times over with admiration and delight: never was a character painted with greater elegance and juſtice. I have often heard Mr. Rowe mention Mr. Hughes with eſteem and diſtinction, and think myſelf happy that you have given me an opportunity to expreſs the regard I have to the memory of a man of his merit. I promiſe myſelf an agreeable entertainment from his "works,"..... and am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER

tired to Frome. She died of an apoplexy Feb. 20, 1736-7. Her "devout exerciſes" were publiſhed by Dr. Iſaac Watts in 1737, and her "miſcellaneous works in verſe and proſe" by Mr. Theophilus Rowe, her brother-in-law, in 1739.

‡ In Somerſetſhire.

§ On the death of the hon. Mrs. Thynne, mother to the counteſs of Hertford. See that and lord Orrery's in Mrs. Rowe's "works," vol. i, p. 164 and 166.

* It was publiſhed in Mrs. Rowe's "works," vol. ii, p. 325.

† See it in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. lxv.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR, Newington near Edinburgh, Jan. 14, 1734-5.

I HAVE with great pleaſure received your letter of the 31ſt ult. as it brings me an account of the good reception your play * has met with. . . . The epilogue pleaſes me ſo much, and my eldeſt daughter, Anne, to whom, I imagine, you give the name I formerly gave to her mother †, that it has raiſed the curioſity of both of us to ſee the play, which, we fancy, will be perfectly in our taſte, from the general idea of it we conceive from the epilogue.

I HAVE not yet anſwered Mr. Strahan's ‡ letter, but ſhall now give it you. All the copies of verſes I had of Mr. Hughes's, which I brought down to Scotland with me, were taken from me by ſome one or other of my friends, which I the more eaſily yielded to, at that time, as I had them all by heart, ſo much they pleaſed me. I have been recollecting them in my memory, ſince I received

* "Lucius Junius Brutus," a tragedy, acted at Drury-lane houſe in November 1734. See letter cxliv, in vol. II.

† See letter xxii.

‡ See p. 78, note.

received Mr. Strahan's letter, and find that I can only make out three of them. One had for title "Lucinda's tea-table *," conſiſting of ſix ſtanzas of four lines each. The other "On the ingeni-"ous Molinda, who excels in whatever ſhe "ſhe pleaſes †." And the third conſiſted of ten lines beginning thus:

"While circling healths inſpire your ſprightly
"wit,
"And on each glaſs ſome beauty's name is
"writ, &c. ‡

Theſe, I remember, he liked himſelf, and they carry, in the two laſt lines, a pretty thought of the power of love in favour of the one who has got the firſt poſſeſſion. . . . . .

A THOUGHT occurred to me, when I was reflecting upon Mr. Hughes's pretty manner of writing proſe. I have ſeen pieces of his (poetry indeed) but written in proſe, which were charming. Now might it not be fit to give in your preface ſome idea of your author's talents, in proſe as well as verſe, by inſerting a ſhort ſpecimen of ſome piece of his, of that ſort, which would ſhow

* See Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. 96.

† See it (by another title) in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. 110.

‡ See it in the "appendix" to this volume, it being omitted in the "poems."

him to advantage, and, at the ſame time, pleaſe and entertain the reader? There is one piece of this kind, which would anſwer my view exactly. It is a picture of diſtreſs in low life, which he ſent to the *Spectator*, and ſtands recorded there under the name of *Amanda* *, and is inferior to none of the kind, in my judgment. I remember, when that *Spectator* came out, as the paper was generally read at breakfaſt, it mixed tears with a great deal of the tea, which was that morning drunk in London and Weſtminſter.

I am, with moſt ſincere friendſhip, and good wiſhes, dear Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

AL. BAYNE.

LETTER LXXXV.

From ROBERT KNIGHT, Eſq; †

SIR, Paris, $\frac{1}{12}$ March, 1734-5.

I HAVE received your letter, and upon reading it over this morning, I find it of ſo long a date as September

* See the "Spectator," vol. v, numb. 375.

† Caſhier of the South Sea company, in 1720, and father to the late earl of Catherlough. Mr. Knight received a pardon, and returned to England in 1742, though Swift, in a letter to Pope, dated Nov. 28, 1729, ſays, "It is certain he can never "expect any favour." He died in 1744.

September laſt: this gives me pain, leſt you ſhould think, as you juſtly may, that I have been very much wanting in reſpect to you; but that is what I am not capable of, nor can any one be more ſenſible of your merit than I am.

THE truth is, I put your letter in my coat-pocket (without opening) which I left off for the winter, and upon putting it on this moment, I found it there. The poſt will ſet out in an hour, ſo I have only time to thank you for it. . . . . I am very glad, and truly rejoice, that a ſiſter of my late dear friend Mr. Hughes is ſo happily married. I loved him very much, and his death grieved me the more, becauſe it happened near a time that I could and would have given him proofs of it. . . . . .

M. FONTENELLE * and M. l'Albé Bignon are both very well, and favour me with their company now and then at dinner. You ſay, that "you hope the former paſſes through the laſt "ſtage of life with a gradual and painleſs decay;" and I can tell you, that he paſſes it ſo very chearfully amongſt his friends, and is ſo entertaining, that one would think he did not yet feel any decay at all.

* This celebrated French author died in 1756, when he was above an hundred years of age. Voltaire declares him to have been the moſt univerſal genius that the age of Lewis XIV produced, and compares him to lands ſituated in ſo happy a climate as to produce all ſorts of fruits.

I WILL viſit him in a day or two, and let him know how kindly you aſk after him. Mrs. Knight* claims him as her gallant, and I know ſome others who contend for him too, ſo you may imagine he is not old. Very few are ſo at Paris; they paſs from youth to the grave very merrily.

I WILL aſk him about M. Boileau's "hiſtory "of Lewis XIV." The laſt I heard of it was, that it would be publiſhed ſoon, but I hear nothing yet of its being ſo†. I ſcribble in great haſte, but am, with great reſpect,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

R. KNIGHT.

LETTER

* Siſter to ſir Thomas Robinſon, bart. after Mr. Knight's death married to James Creſſet, eſq; (ſecretary to the late princeſs dowager of Wales) and ſince dead.

† M. Boileau was fixed upon by the king to write his hiſtory, in conjunction with M. Racine, in October 1677. This work, however, if written, has not been publiſhed. M. de Valincourt wrote thus to the Abbé Olivet on this ſubject: "Meſſ. Deſpreaux "and Racine having for ſome time endeavoured to write that "hiſtory, they ſoon found that ſuch a work did not at all ſuit "their genius; and, beſides, they juſtly thought that the hiſtory "of ſuch a prince as the late king was, filled with ſo great and "extraordinary circumſtances, could not well be written till an "hundred years after his death, except one would compoſe it "only from inſipid extracts of the public news-papers, as ſome "pitiful writers have done, who ventured to write that hiſtory."

Hiſt. de l'academie Françoiſe par d'Olivet, p. 371. Paris edit.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Mrs. PORTER.

SIR, Highwood-hill *, March 27, 1735.

SINCE the receipt of yours, I have been in daily expectation of a ſummons from Mr. Fleetwood, at which time, ere I returned, I propoſed to have waited on you with my thanks for the favour of your tragedy, having had the pleaſure of ſeeing it the laſt time it was acted; and though I have no pretenſion to the compliment you make me, muſt own, I was very much entertained, and glad to ſee, once more, a good tragedy upon the ſtage, and ſo polite an audience; only ſorry it did not appear at a time when the town in general had a better reliſh for virtue and good ſenſe.

YOU do me a great deal of juſtice, in believing that I ſhall be extremely pleaſed with every, and even the leaſt, production of Mr. Hughes's †, and and am glad his remains are fallen into the hands of ſo capable and worthy an editor; who, I am

 perſuaded,

* Near Hendon, Middleſex.

† Mrs. Porter acted the part of Eudocia in the "Siege of "Damaſcus," at its firſt repreſentation in 1719.

perſuaded, will perform that ſacred truſt with ſuch purity and zeal as will expreſs the gentleman and the friend.

I am, with much reſpect, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

M. PORTER†.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR, [Twickenham, May 6, 1735.]

MANY thanks for your kind preſent, in which I find ſeveral pleaſing and very correct pieces of his [Mr. Hughes's] which were new to me. I beg you to accept of the new volume of my things juſt printed, which will be delivered you by Mr. Dodſley*, the author of the

† This excellent actreſs had been loſt to the ſtage ever ſince the year 1730, by the misfortune of a diſlocated limb from the overturning of a chaiſe.

* Mr. Dodſley, much to his honour, was the artificer of his own fortune, having been ſervant to the hon. Mrs. Lowther, &c. While he was in ſervice, he publiſhed ſome poems intitled "The muſe in a livery," He died at his friend Mr. Spence's at Durham in Sept. 1764, and was buried in that cathedral.

the *Toyſhop*, who has juſt ſet up [as] a book-ſeller, and I doubt not, as he has more ſenſe, ſo will have more honeſty, than moſt of that profeſſion.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From the Rev. Dr. WATTS.

SIR, Newington, May 23, 1735.

YOUR letter, and the preſent of Mr. Hughes's "works," were joyfully received by me the next day after I ſaw you.——Methinks I ſee the very man, my old acquaintance, there, with his temper and ſoftneſs, his wit and ſprightly genius, ſpreading almoſt over every page. 'Twas well Telemachus took Mentor with him, when he ventured into Calypſo's iſland, painted by ſuch a pencil, while the goddeſs was dreſſed by ſuch a poet, and ſhe and her nymph Eucharis had airs and ſonnets given them by ſuch a maſter in muſic. But my ſorrow freſhens and renews upon my heart, that ſuch a genius did not live to write

more moral and divine odes in advanced years, to be a counterpoiſe to all the charms of pleaſure and youth and beauty which his younger poeſy indulged. Yes, it muſt be confeſſed, I can find nothing that is an offence to virtue and piety, ſo far as I have peruſed, which amounts to more than half. The chriſtian ſcheme has glories and beauties in it, which have ſuperior power to touch the ſoul, beyond all the gods and heroes of the heathen heaven or elyſium. I ſhould have been much pleaſed to ſee ſo fine a pen employing its art on ſuch themes. Mr. Pope's *Meſſiah* always charms me. I ſpeak not now of Mr. Hughes's odes on the *Creator of the world*, the *Ecſtacy*, &c. becauſe I have read them long ago: theſe have ſo much dignity in them, that I wiſhed for more of the ſame kind. Pray tell me, Sir, when I ſhall be ſo happy as to ſee you next, whether Sir R. Blackmore's "preface to his Alfred" does not convince you that a chriſtian poet has happier advantages than a pagan? His "prefaces" are certainly better in their kind than his "poems," as ſeveral gentlemen of good taſte have acknowledged. And why ſhould not ſome great genius ſeize thoſe advantages, and leave old Homer no longer right to the ſupreme laurel?

But I forget myſelf and my years; though when I am upon ſuch a ſubject, *rejuveneſcit calamus renuentibus annis.*

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

I. WATTS.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From Mrs. ROWE.

SIR, [Frome, July 2, 1735.]

I HAVE received and read Mr. Hughes's "poems" with great ſatisfaction, and own myſelf obliged to you for the entertainment thoſe elegant poems gave me.

I BEG you to accept this picture of Mr. Hughes's, which I copied as near as I could from the print*. Drawing is my favourite amuſement†, and if you find any reſemblance in this to the original, it will flatter the vanity of, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

* See page 146, note.

† "Mrs. Rowe loved the pencil when ſhe had hardly ſtrength "and ſteadineſs of hand ſufficient to guide it, and in her in- "fancy

LETTER XC.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR, [Edinburgh, March, 1735-6.]

IT is ſome months ſince I ought to have written to you, in acknowledgement of the favour of your ſending my deceaſed friend's "works," and your own "play," which came to my hands in due time.——I ought to be aſhamed for having ſo long delayed thanking you for two things, which have given me ſo much pleaſure and relief, at a time when I had not health enough to acknowledge even the favours of my friends, and but juſt activity and ſpirit enough to ſit down in an eaſy chair, and reliſh a few of the beauties of their writings for an hour, and then ſink into a profound ſleep. If you'll look at Horace's 8th epiſtle, 1ſt book, you may juſtly imagine my caſe to have been much the ſame. I have

"fancy (one may almoſt venture to ſay ſo) would ſqueeze out "the juices of herbs to ſerve her inſtead of colours. Mr. "Singer, perceiving her fondneſs for this art, was at the ex- "pence of a maſter to inſtruct her in it; and it never ceaſed to "be her amuſement at times, (and a very innocent one it was) "till her death."

"Life of Mrs. Rowe, prefixed to her works, p. 5."

I have ſaid as much as to let you underſtand that I have been ſuffering, ever ſince I received your laſt obliging letter, under the diſpiriting ſymptoms of a nervous illneſs commonly called vapours, or lowneſs of ſpirits. This illneſs I had firſt brought upon myſelf by a life too ſedentary, and too hard ſtudy. In the year 1721, a profeſſion of the municipal law of Scotland, or what you would call its common law, was erected here; and upon the recommendation of our fifteen judges, the patrons of the univerſity of Edinburgh did me the honour to put me in the chair. So high a recommendation occaſioned my making it too much a point of honour to fill this chair with ſome reputation, eſpecially being the firſt of my profeſſion in this univerſity. I was in great health and vigour, while I was employed in compoſing my ſyſtem of lectures, I ſtudied at the rate of fourteen hours a day for eight months ſucceſſively, and in the firſt years of my profeſſion wrote with my own hand above ſixteen hundred ſheets. I ſoon felt the bad effects of ſuch intenſe application of the mind, which, however, I thought were more owing to a circumſtance in my way and manner of ſitting and writing at a low table, by which the bowels were long in a ſtate of being compreſſed and put out of their natural ſituation, than to the conſtant application of thought; for I found very ſoon the ſeat of my diſtemper to be in the lower region. By great attention to my diet, which I kept very low, never taſting any liquor, but the pure element, for

five

five years, I recovered my former ſtate of health, and preſerved it till this laſt ſummer, when the ſame illneſs made a fierce attack upon me again, and has kept me in a very ſad ſtate of inactivity and diſreliſh of all my ordinary amuſements, till the beginning of laſt month, and now I find myſelf in a way of recovery. By this time you will have excuſed my ſilence, which has been owing to a cauſe independent of me, and inſuperable.

In anſwer to a part of your letter concerning Mr. Thomſon's "ſeaſons," if he has gathered any helps from any of our ancient poets, it muſt have been from ſome of the prologues of Gawin Douglas's "tranſlation of the Æneid," which has been much admired. He was one of our biſhops before the reformation, and famous for his learning and knowledge of the claſſics in particular *. But I don't find Mr. Thomſon has

* This prelate was a younger ſon of Archibald the ſixth earl of Angus, and was conſecrated biſhop of Dunkeld in 1515, after much oppoſition from the duke of Albany, then regent. Being afterwards obliged by the perſecutions of his enemies to retire to London, he died there of the plague in 1522. His chief works are a "tranſlation [above mentioned] of Virgil's "Æneis" the "Palice of honour, a poem," "Aureæ narra-"tiones, comœdiæ aliquot ſacræ," and "De rebus Scoticis "liber." His "Deſcriptions of May and of Winter," the firſt of which is the prologue prefixed to the xiith book of his "Æneis," have been very well moderniſed by Mr. Fawkes, who obſerves in his preface, that "Chaucer and Douglas may "be looked upon as the two bright ſtars that illumined Eng-"land

has borrowed ſo much from that author as to give him the name, in any degree, of being a plagiary.

I AM, with hearty wiſhes for your health and proſperity,

Your obliged and moſt humble ſervant.

AL. BAYNE*.

" land and Scotland, after a dark interval of dulneſs, a long " night of ignorance and ſuperſtition, and foretold the return " of day, and the revival of learning."

* A few months after writing this letter, Mr. Bayne died, in his way from Edinburgh to Bath, a martyr to his ſtudies; and a melancholy addition to the caſes enumerated by Dr. Tiſſot, in his "Eſſay on the diſeaſes incidental to literary and " ſedentary perſons." In particular, he adviſes the ſtudent not to ſit, but to meditate and read either ſtanding or walking; " ſitting, (he ſays) with the body ſtooping, and the legs bent, " is the moſt pernicious of all poſtures, as it greatly hurts the " lower extremities, and by obſtructing the 'viſcera' of the " abdomen, produces all the diſorders that ariſe from indi- " geſtion."

APPENDIX.

MINUTES FOR AN ESSAY ON THE HARMONY OF VERSE*.

By Mr. HUGHES.

IN THE PREFACE.

....As this diſcourſe muſt neceſſarily be often dry and minute in the rules, it has been endeavoured to enliven it, and relieve the reader, by

* Many of the thoughts in this eſſay, unfiniſhed as it is, are ſimilar to thoſe of the author's learned friend Mr. Say, in his two eſſays "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers," which were written in the year 1737, at the requeſt of Mr. Richardſon, the painter, and publiſhed, after Mr. Say's death, in 1745. See letter iv. note.

Rude ſketches like theſe, by the hand of a maſter, are always leſs valuable for having been touched upon by an inferior pencil: they are therefore ſubmitted to the connoiſſeur in their original form, and in thoſe draughts where only the outline is chalked, or, without a metaphor, where the rules are not confirmed by examples, his own ſagacity and obſervation will readily ſupply them. The paſſages between hooks [ ] are added by the editor.

by ſelecting examples, which, beſides the reaſons for which they are cited, have a beauty of thought and expreſſion, and an agreeable variety.

SECTION I.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's reaſon of the force of poetry among the ancients, from the union of the three powers of painting, eloquence, and muſic.

THE ancient poetry was all ſung.

THE variation of the numbers among the ancients in poetry, as well as in muſic, was to expreſs the paſſions.

ON the chorus of the ancient tragedy.

SEE a paſſage in Ariſtotle's problem, by which it appears that not only the chorus but the ſcenes were ſung, or ſpoken to a kind of modulation, like recitative muſic.

ON the ancient ode, the ſtrophe, antiſtrophe, and epodon.

THE harmony of verſe then originally was its aptneſs for muſic. And what was afterwards called harmony in verſe had an analogy to this firſt uſe of poetry.

HARMONY in verſe is therefore an apt diſpoſition of the words, ſo as to affect the ear of the reader with a ſort of muſical delight.

THIS

THIS is found, in a leſs degree, in all oratorical proſe; for inſtance, in Cicero's "orations." Livy's "Roman hiſtory," which is perhaps written more in the oratorical than in the hiſtorical ſtyle, is a kind of numerous proſe, and it is obſerved by Dryden, that the very firſt line of it,

Facturuſne operæ pretium ſim,

is an hexameter hemiſtich, (and that of Tacitus an entire one;

Urbem Romam à principio Reges habuêre.

LIVY too, deſcribing the glorious effort of a tribune to break through a brigade of the enemy, juſt after the battle of Cannæ, falls unknowingly into a verſe not unworthy of Virgil himſelf:

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, ſtringit gladium, cuneoque
Facto per medios, &c.*)

SOME modern inſtances of numerous proſe.

["THEN was the war ſhivered," ſays Milton, "into ſmall frays or bickerings, ăt woōd ŏr wātĕrs, "ăs chānce ŏr vālŏur, advīce ŏr rāſhnĕſs, léd thĕm "ón; cŏmmándĕd, ór wĭthōut cŏmmānd."

ANOTHER celebrated writer, contemporary with Milton, thus cloſes his account of the mental prayer of the myſtics, now called *Quietiſts*: "A kind

* Dryden's preface to "Virgil's paſtorals, p. 98.

" A kind of purgatory it is in devotion; ſome-
" thing out of this world, and not in another;
" above the earth, and beneath heaven; where we
" will leave it in clouds and darkneſs." And Mr. Say, like Longinus, thus deſcribes, and at the ſame time exemplifies, the uſe and power of the iämbic and anapæſt, with which Cicero flaſhes in the face of guilty Cataline, " It hās ăt ōnce ă
" ſhārp ănd ă ſūddĕn ſōund: thĕ ſāme whĭch
" mĕn ūſe whĕn thĕy pōur oŭt ă tōrrĕnt ŏf wōrds
" ĭn thĕir ānger *."]

THE affectation of this is, however, a great fault, and the diſtinction between proſe and verſe is better preſerved now than formerly.

THE firſt thing that conſtitutes the harmony of verſe is the meaſure.

2. THE feet among the ancients, dactyls, ſpondees, &c.

3. THE juſt obſervation of the quantity of the ſyllables, and the laying the accent harmoniouſly, that no ſyllable may be forced out of its natural ſound.

4. THE variation of the pauſes.

5. THE order, or ſituation, of the words: for inſtance, " I heaven invoke. Heaven I invoke."

As

* Eſſay i, p. 125.

As our verſe is leſs numerous than that of the ancients, our proſe is ſo too in proportion; ſo that among us the diſtinction between verſe and proſe is kept as wide as among them; our proſe admitting of fewer tranſpoſitions of the words out of their natural order, and our verſe being ſprinkled with ſuch tranſpoſitions as ſometimes give a majeſty to it, though they would be affected in proſe.

VOSSIUS is miſtaken in aſſerting, p. 33, that the moderns have no diſtinction of feet, or quantities of ſyllables, and nothing but the "ſound of "like endings," now called "rhyme," which he compares to the motion of a drunken man.

See *Dionyſ. Halic. de verborum collocatione.*

HOWEVER faulty the French may be, it is plain that this is not true when applied to Engliſh poetry. It muſt be allowed that, having no *proſodia*, we have not yet diſtinguiſhed more than the number of ſyllables in each verſe, but have not divided thoſe ſyllables into different feet with diſtinct names. That a certain number of ſyllables, for example, ten, which is the number allotted to our heroic verſe, is not always ſufficient to frame a verſe, may be ſeen from the following line, ſet down three ſeveral ways:

The Saxons reign'd long ſince o'er this iſland.
O'er this iſland long ſince reign'd the Saxons.
Long ſince o'er this iſland the Saxons reign'd.

THIS

THIS is no verſe, though there are ten ſyllables in it; but let the words be placed in the following order,

Long ſince the Saxons o'er this iſland reign'd,

and you will find it is a verſe, and reads very harmoniouſly.

SECTION II.

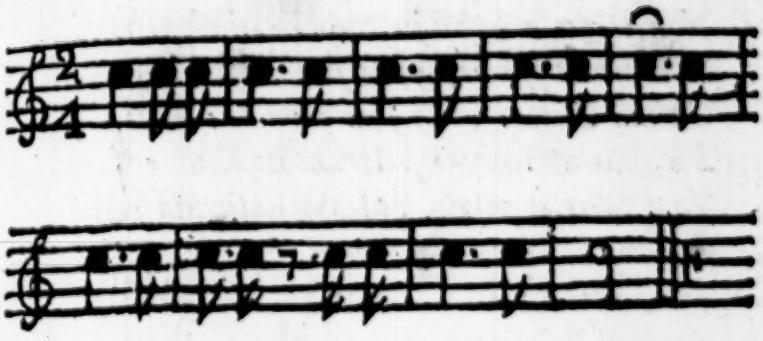
THE ancient heroic verſe was varied by the different feet, dactyls and ſpondees, and conſiſted of a different number of ſyllables. The Engliſh heroic conſiſts of ten ſyllables, yet of different feet, according as the accent falls on thoſe ſyllables.

Example of this:

O coŭld I | flōw lĭke | thēe, ănd | māke thy ſtrēam
My|grēat ĕx|āmple, ăs ĭt īs my thēme!

IN this couplet, the firſt ſyllable in the firſt line is long, and with the two ſhort ones that follow may be reckoned to make one foot of the verſe. In the ſecond line, the firſt ſyllable is ſhort, and the ſecond long. But the variation of the length and ſhortneſs of the ſyllables, and conſequently the various falling of the accent, will beſt be ſeen in a diagram:

1ſt line. 2d line.



THE ill ſound of verſe is either when the meaſure is ill choſen, as

When I ſigh by my Phyllis, and gaze on thoſe eyes,

which is a kind of a jig movement, or triple time; or when the quantity of ſyllables is not duly obſerved, as

[Before he 'ſcap'd, ſo it pleaſ'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetful,
&c. Donne.]

OR when the ſtops are not varied.

DR. ALDRICH fancied he could diſtinguiſh Virgil's verſe from any other, if only the marks were written, and the words left out.

VIRGIL, the moſt harmonious verſifier, has made the firſt ſix lines of his ivth eclogue cloſe with the ſame ſtops at the end of each line:

Sicelides

Sicelides muſæ, paulo majora canamus.
Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ.
Si canimus ſylvas, ſylvæ ſint conſule dignæ.
Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.
Magnus ab integro ſeclorum naſcitur ordo.
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Dryden, though in a language that admits of leſs variation of harmony, has tranſlated them thus:

Sicilian muſe, begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly ſhrubs, and trees that ſhade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian muſe, prepare
To make the vocal woods deſerve a conſul's care.
The laſt great age, foretold by ſacred rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd courſe, Saturnian times
Roll round again, &c.

By which means, the lines being drawn out one into another, and the ſtops varied, there ariſes from them a more agreeable harmony.

SECTION III.

THERE is yet another cauſe of the harmony, which ariſes from the varying the ſenſe and grammatical conſtruction of the ſentences, which alters the modulation of the voice.—The meaſure, feet, accents, pauſes, come under an analogy to time in muſic. This part is analogous to tone.

THE

THE voice in reading riſes, or falls, according to the different ſenſe, or conſtruction, of the ſentences which expreſs that ſenſe.

THAT there are ſome words which emphatically engage the voice is ſeen by the cuſtom which has often prevailed of marking with Italic characters.

AFFIRMATIONS lower the voice in the end of a ſentence; interrogations and admirations raiſe it. No one will doubt that this variation of the tone of the voice has its force in harmonious verſe.

IF too many verſes follow one another with interrogations, there will be a κακοφωνια.

Example, from Denham:

Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance? &c.
. . . . . .
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but wou'd demand
What barbarous invader ſack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This deſolation, but a chriſtian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs,

What,

What, does he think, our ſacrilege would ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?

If the laſt lines were left out, which are a tautology in the ſenſe, as well as a repetition of the ſound, the harmony would certainly be better.

An inſtance of the tone finely varied:

[No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a ſhout
Loud, as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices uttering joy.
Milton.]

Another cauſe of harmony is a due mixture of polyſyllables and monoſyllables. Donne's verſe is vicious in having ſo many monoſyllables, and no ſtops.

Another cauſe is turns and repetitions, ſometimes of the ſame word, ſometimes of the ſame line. For the firſt, an example in the ſtanza of Spencer on muſic.

The joyous birds, &c.

Of the ſecond, Milton's ſpeech of Eve to Adam,

Sweet is the breath of morn, &c.

Words

Words in the ſame line beginning with a letter (commonly called alliteration) too minute, though affected by Dryden, [viz.

The ſilent Lethe leads her gentle flood,
About the boughs a numerous nation flew, &c.]

ANOTHER principal cauſe of the muſic of poetry is the making the ſound to imitate the ſenſe. Lord Roſcommon's character of Virgil,

The ſound is ſtill a comment to the ſenſe.

THE firſt and moſt common way of accenting the verſe is to make it conſiſt of five feet to each line, and in each foot the firſt ſyllable ſhort, the ſecond long; as thus:

Ăs | whēn | ſŏme grēat | ănd grācĭous prīn|cĕſs dīes, |
Sŏft whīs|pĕrs fīrſt, | ănd mōurn|fŭl mūr|mŭrs rīſe |
Ămōng | thĕ ſād | ăttēn|dănts, thēn | thĕ ſōund |
Soŏn gā|thĕrs vōice, ănd ſprēads thĕ nēws ărōund.

THIS is the moſt vulgar, and the common people generally read all verſe in this movement, laying the accent on the ſecond ſyllable.

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Denham.

As the harmony of theſe lines has all the perfection that can ariſe from the unforced quantities of the ſyllables, ſo is that harmony varied by the ſtops, the diverſifying the grammatical ſtructure of each ſentence, and the different placing of the accent on the words. It may ſeem very minute to explain this particularly; but becauſe Dryden has ſomewhere* mentioned the muſic of theſe lines as a riddle which few could explain, and has kept that ſecret to himſelf, it may not be amiſs here to attempt a ſolution of it.

I SHALL ſay nothing of the natural and unforced quantities in theſe two lines, (which are immediately obvious to every reader,) but only that by this means the verſe is ſmooth, and there is no need to diſtort any word in the pronouncing to make it ſtand in the verſe. The four pauſes are alſo muſical, each containing an an entire ſentence: but this muſic would not be ſo perfect, if the grammatical ſtructure of each ſentence was the ſame: as if, for example, it ran thus:

Though

* In his dedication of the "Æneid" to the marqueſs of Normanby, p. 277.

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet lively;
Though ſtrong, yet calm; though full, yet reſtrain'd.

This, though the quantities of the ſyllables were kept as exactly as at preſent, would not make ſo muſical a verſe. But, as it is in Denham, the ſecond ſentence is varied from the firſt by the negative; the third from both the preceding; and the laſt ſentence from the third, by the participle and the tranſpoſing the order of the words; and the cloſing the couplet with the emphatical word "full," completes the harmony.

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

Thus it is plain that the firſt three ſentences have a different grammatical form, which varies the ſound of them, and the laſt, a different order of the words, which continues the variety. And if there be any other myſtery in the

muſic of theſe lines, I confeſs it is beyond my ſkill to diſcover it *.

THE

* With the above the reader may compare the following account of the ſame couplet, given by Mr. Say;

"A contraſt to each other, I imagine, muſt be added to the "many accounts that have been given of the pleaſure which "every reader feels in that celebrated diſtich in 'Cooper's hill,' "which Mr. Dryden has rendered ſo remarkable by propoſing "the true reaſon of it as a problem to torture the grammarians. "For nothing can be more different than the ſounds, and the "numbers or movements in the two verſes, as will appear to the "ear itſelf, and by meaſuring the time in the feet of either that "are oppoſed to the other,

"Thōugh dēep, yĕt clēar, thōugh gēntlĕ, yĕt nōt dūll:

"where the verſe moves as ſlow and ſilent, or as gentle, as the "river; all in iämbics, if we call them ſo, that are nearer to "ſpondees, excepting in one place, where it would have been "a manifeſt impropriety.

"But ſtronger ideas required numbers ſtronger and fuller; "and ſuch is the following verſe:

"Strōng, wĭthōut rāge; wĭthōut ō'erflowĭng, fūll.

"It begins with a trochee, which gives motion to the river; "but checked by a ſpondee of two very long times, oppoſed to "the ſhorter times of that which ſtands in the ſame place in the "preceding verſe; as the trochee here is oppoſed to a ſpondee "of longer ſound in the former. The like we may obſerve in "the true or genuine iämbic in the third foot, which is oppoſed "to the gentler ſpondee above it, and as the weakeſt ſounds fall, "as the ideas require they ſhould, on the fourth and fifth feet in "the firſt, ſo the ſounds that fill and arreſt the ear, ſtand in the "fourth movement here, and yet are cloſed in the moſt agree-"able manner, as the law of the diſtich generally demands, with "a real iämbic, or ſounds that approach the neareſt to it. And "the laſt half of the former verſe has no beauty, in my opinion, "but what is owing to this oppoſition, and its agreement with "the image it repreſents."

"Eſſay on the numbers of Paradiſe Loſt, p. 151-3."

THE WAY TO WRITE HARMONIOUSLY.

1. A good ear.

2. OBSERVATION of the reaſons of harmony; nothing that is artful being the effect of chance, but governed by ſome rules, though thoſe rules are not commonly known, or ſet down in writing.

3. THE frequent reading of the moſt harmonious writers, eſpecially when you are going to write. This puts the ear in tune.

EXAMPLES OF MUSICAL PASSAGES IN VERSE.

DRYDEN'S Salmoneus from Virgil very muſically tranſlated, and with a ſtrength of ſound equal to the ſubject. His Cæcilia's ode.

TURN AND REPETITION OF WORDS.

Her ſiſters often, as 'tis ſaid, would cry,
" Fie, Salmacis, what, always idle, fie!
" Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe."
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe.
Addiſon's Ovid.

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.
Virg.

A fault, but ſuch a fault, as all believe,
Had claim'd forgiveneſs, could but hell forgive.
. . . . . .
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could bind.
Dryden.

There reſt,—if any reſt can harbour there.
Milton.

[Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night.
Ditto.]

—*Crudelis tu quoque mater*, &c.
Virg.

—*Quid habes illius illius,*
Quæ ſpirabat amores? Hor. ad Lycen.

TASSO's ſtanza like Spenſer's in the "Bower of Bliſs."

DRYDEN's tranſlation of the "ſimile" in the ſecond book of Virgil is more muſical than the original.

Rent like a mountain aſh, which dar'd the winds,
And ſtood the ſturdy ſtrokes of lab'ring hinds:
About

About the roots the cruel axe reſounds,
The ſtumps are pierc'd with oft repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down, &c.

And Æneas's laſt ſpeech to Turnus, Book xii.

—*Tune hinc ſpoliis indute meorum*, &c.

Traitor, doſt thou, doſt thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his ſad ſoul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this dreadful blow!

In muſic it is not allowed to take two-eighths or two-fifths in ſequence, becauſe theſe being perfect concords, the firſt eſpecially, and nearly related to the uniſon, if the compoſer takes two of them following one another, the harmony is ſaid to ſtand ſtill, or to have no progreſſion. Though this is not to be applied, with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs, to poetry, yet it is certain, that, if many couplets follow one another, all ſtopped alike, (as ſuppoſe the firſt line of each of them with a comma, the ſecond with a period, or full ſtop,) there is a like fault.

EXAMPLES:

[A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a flood, the ſhining ſands below.
Pope.

Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace.
Ditto.]

But if a mortal, bleſt thy nurſe's breaſt,
Bleſt are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt.
Addiſon's Ovid.

HERE it is plain that the ſound of the firſt line is repeated in the ſecond of each couplet, ſo the ear is cloyed, and the harmony has no progreſſion.

FOR the variation of pauſes ſee the ſpeeches in the two firſt books of *Paradiſe Loſt*, [and particularly the invocation, or argument to that poem, where, for forty lines together, the ſame numbers, in every reſpect, are ſcarce once repeated. See alſo Dryden's tranſlation of the beginning of the third Georgic.]

OF BURDENS IN SONGS, OR IN OTHER POETRY.

THE fault of Virgil, *Incipe*, *Mœnalios*, &c. The ſame in Theocritus, and other ancient poets.

poets. The burden in Prior's *Nut-brown Maid* the beſt inſtance to be found.

SEE an inſtance in Paſtorella,

Laſcia —— ed ama;

and in Taſſo's Aminta,

Cangia cangia conſilia
Pazarella che ſei.

THE right uſe of all theſe minute rules is neither to be too thoughtful of them when you write, nor wholly negligent of them. They operate beſt when formed into a habit, like the graces in muſic, or a manner in playing or ſinging.

THE effect is certain, that the muſic of verſe is a very delightful part, and in the foregoing diſcourſe it is endeavoured to ſhow the cauſes.

OF THE IMPEDIMENTS TO HARMONY IN VERSE.

1. TOO many conſonants in a language, or too many vowels. The extremes are the High

Dutch, (or Welch,) and the Italian. 2. Uniſon rhymes, or words jingling in the ſame line, which was a fault among the ancients, and is ſo ſtill, though we have admitted rhyme. Thus Cicero,

O fortunatum natum me conſule Romam,

[which, bad as it is, Dryden, in his tranſlation, has happily made worſe,

Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome,
'Till I, her conſul ſole, conſol'd her doom.]

Voſſius de viribus rythmi.
Membris et articulis diſtinctum.

P. 4. *Primo enim obſervârunt, &c. ut cantui aptentur.*

Pyrrichius diſſyll. ⏑ ⏑. Spondee — —.
Iämbic ⏑ —. Trochee — ⏑.

In triſyllables there is a greater variety, as

Tribrachys ⏑ ⏑ ⏑. Moloſſus — — —.
Anapæſt ⏑ ⏑ —. Dactyl — ⏑ ⏑.

Spondees give the hexameter verſe weight, dactyls volubility.

The vaſt variation of the ancient feet, p. 8, in all. 124 various kinds.

See Voſſius, p. 10.

Of

OF what force the ancient numbers were, may be conjectured from Plato's baniſhing ſome movements of verſe from his commonwealth. This is not to be underſtood, unleſs we conſider that muſic was joined with it, and it is certain that ſome muſic is manly and grave, and ſome ſoft and effeminate.

MILTON's "ſounds marry'd to immortal "verſe."

THE Pythagoreans called verſe the male, and muſic the female.

See Voſſius, p. 14.

ABOUT the time of Ptolemy Philopater, Ariſtophanes, the grammarian, changed the Greek *proſodia*, (after which the marks were differently written, and untuned the ancient verſe.)

P. 22. "The French not only neglect the "natural quantity of the ſyllables, but for the "moſt part alſo the accents themſelves." [Hence the common joke upon them,

Nos Galli non curămus quantĭtătem.]

VIRGIL, to avoid rhyme in his verſe, choſe to write,

Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ,

inſtead

inſtead of *timidæ*. [And the nice ears of the court of Auguſtus could not bear the jingle of *At regina pyrâ*.]

Quæ ſunt ampla et pulchra, &c. quæ lepida et concinna, &c. Rhætor. ad Herennium, lib. 4.

See p. 30. *De amiſſo antiquo cantu verſuum.*

QUINTILIAN ſays, that "the reading of "poetry ſhould be ſo managed as to reſemble "neither proſe nor ſinging." [The Italians ſeem to attempt this in their reading of poetry.] The vulgar pronunciation is vŏlŭcrēs, the poetical vēlūcrŏs.

THE French have no dactyl; the Engliſh no anapæſt. French abounds in iämbics and anapæſts, Engliſh in dactyls and trochees.

VOSSIUS falſely calls Engliſh "ſoft and ef-"feminate." A ridiculous fancy of Voſſius's barber combing his head in iämbics, trochees, dactyls, &c. which, he ſays, gave him great pleaſure.

OF RHYME, &c.

To be treated in the laſt place. . . . . .

The FOLLOWING PIECES

ARE OMITTED IN THE

COLLECTION of Mr. HUGHES's WORKS

PUBLISHED IN 1735.

DEDICATION* [of Charon, or the Ferry-boat] to the Swiſs COUNT [HEIDEGGER.]

SIR,

IT would be leſſening a man of your fame, not to imagine you ſufficiently known by the title, which, by the courteſy of England, you have long enjoyed, and which therefore needs not the addition of your name. But not to loſe time in ceremony, I haſten to give you and the reader ſome reaſons for this dedication.

IT is a piece of craft often practiſed among authors, when they are about to publiſh ſome trifle which they ſuſpect may lie too quietly in the bookſeller's ſhop, to help it off by the choice of a patron, whoſe name and character may be a means to make it ſpread. It is for this reaſon, and knowing that you go into a great deal of company, that

* See note on letter lii.

that I have taken the liberty (for which I beg your pardon) of pinning this paper to your ſleeve. If I had intereſt enough in you to get you to recommend it to all your friends, cuſtomers, and ſubſcribers, it might, for ought I know, reach almoſt *all chriſtian people whom theſe preſents may concern.* No one perhaps of this age has had ſo great a hand as yourſelf in furniſhing out many of the wares, which perſons in the circumſtances of thoſe repreſented in the following viſion are the moſt loth to part with. It is now, I think, for ſome years, that you have been chief proveditor of diverſions and amuſements for the ſervice of the inhabitants of this iſland, ſome of which you have imported from abroad, and others you have varied and embelliſhed with ſo extenſive and ſkilful a genius, that it is no wonder that moſt who have had a taſte of them are ſo very unwilling to remove from hence, or to leave them behind. I hope it will not be thought inferior to your character, if I ſhould call you a ſort of property-man to the great ſtage of the world. Thoſe who are acquainted with the inſide of the play-houſe know, that there is a certain officer with that title, who has in his keeping a whole ware-houſe of all the toys and trinkets made uſe of by the players upon the theatre, and gives them out, and takes them back, as there is occaſion. I had once therefore thought of aſſigning you a ſtation, in the following viſion, near Mercury, where, as the dead were ſtripped, you might have had an opportunity of ſtopping whatever

whatever belonged to your office, and have taken your own goods again: but I conſidered how full your hands are of buſineſs, and how ill a perſon of your importance could be ſpared.

WITH theſe and the like thoughts in my head, and a proof-ſheet of the following papers in my hand, which had been juſt brought me from the preſs, I happened to fall aſleep, and had a very whimſical dream; which, becauſe it concerns you, and at the ſame time is a ſort of an appendix to the viſion I am preſenting to you, I beg leave to relate here in the dedication.

METHOUGHT you were very gay one night over a bottle of champaign at the *blue poſts* in your neighbourhood; and being ſomewhat elevated by your late ſucceſſes, and wiſely thinking at the ſame time how to provide for the future, you fell into a new project, to which you were encouraged by a certain poet of your acquaintance, then in your company, who undertook to ſell you ſome acres of ground to build upon in the Elyſian-fields. You had very prudently conſidered, that vaſt numbers of people who are travelling towards the regions below, would probably be at a loſs, when they come thither, how to ſpend their time. Your deſign therefore was to erect a large ſquare of buildings for ſuch ſort of entertainments and diverſions, as are uſual at carnivals, and to call

call it by the name of HEIDEGGER'S FOLLY. You procured, in the firſt place, a large ſubſcription to be paid you down in ready money, and then with a choice colony of fidlers, dancers, tumblers, carpenters, ſcene-painters, and the like; and many waggon-loads of painted cloth, machines, rich furniture, variety of the neweſt habits, and other valuable curioſities, you ſet forward on the road towards your intended new plantation. But, alas, the hard fate of projectors! Before you came half way to the place, a ſudden ſtorm of wind aroſe, overturned and diſfurniſhed your waggons in a moment, and as if they had been loaded only with chaff or feathers, whirled away their whole contents over a vaſt vacuity, into the *limbo* deſcribed by Milton in the third book of his *Paradiſe Loſt*. I was ſo ſtruck with concern for you and your good company, that I waked in a fright, and was glad to find by the advertiſement inſerted in the Daily Courant, of the next ball to be in the Hay-market, that you were probably at that time in good health, and in no ſuch great haſte to be gone from us.

BUT to draw to an end. I have heard of a pleaſant fellow who had an affair depending in the reign of king Charles the ſecond, and humorouſly made a requeſt to the duke of Buckingham, who was then in great favour and popularity, that his grace would only be pleaſed to let him ſtop him the next day, when his buſineſs

was

was to come on, in ſome very public place, and give the petitioner leave to hold him in a ſeeming whiſper for two minutes, amongſt a crowd of obſervers. This artifice alone did more, than ſeveral months ſoliciting, and his affair ſucceeded to his wiſh. I have uſed the ſame ſtratagem with you, in hopes of the like ſucceſs; and therefore thanking you now for your ear, and for the honour I have taken to myſelf, of an acquaintance I never had with you before, I releaſe you from any further trouble, and am, (though ſtill unknown)

Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN in a WINDOW at GREENHITHE*.

GREAT preſident of light and eye of day,
As through this glaſs you caſt your viſual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers bleſt,
And ſee us celebrate the genial feaſt,
Confeſs, that, in your progreſs round the ſphere,
You've found the happieſt youths and brighteſt beauties here.

1708.

The TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inſpire your ſprightly wit,
And on each glaſs ſome beauty's praiſe is writ,
You aſk, my friends, how can my ſilent muſe
To Montagu's † ſoft name a verſe refuſe?
Bright though ſhe be, of race victorious ſprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets ſung,
Unmov'd

* Ince Grice, the ſeat of Jonathan Smith, eſq; who, with his brother Capt. Nathaniel Smith, reſided there, and made conſiderable improvements in the houſe and gardens.

See "Harris's hiſtory of Kent," p. 309. See alſo letter v. of this collection.

† Mary dutcheſs of Montagu, (born in 1689,) youngeſt daughter of John duke of Marlborough, and mother to the preſent dutcheſs of Montagu.

Unmov'd I hear her perſon call'd divine,
I ſee her features uninſpiring ſhine;
A ſofter fair my ſoul to tranſport warms,
And, ſhe once nam'd, no other nymph has charms†.

1709.

TOFTS‡ and MARGARITA§.

MUSIC has learn'd the diſcords of the ſtate,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.
Here Somerſet and Devonſhire attend
The Britiſh Tofts, and every note commend,
To native merit juſt, and pleas'd to ſee
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free.
There fam'd L'Epine does equal ſkill employ,
While liſt'ning peers crowd to th' ecſtatic joy:
Bedford,

† See letter lxxxiii.

‡ Mrs. Tofts took her firſt grounds of muſic here in her own country, before the Italian taſte had ſo highly prevailed.—Whatever defect the faſhionably ſkilful might find in her manner, ſhe had, in the general ſenſe of her ſpectators, charms that few of the moſt learned fingers ever arrive at. The beauty of her fine proportioned figure, and exquiſitely ſweet ſilver tone of her voice, with the peculiar rapid ſoftneſs of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour.

"Cibber's apology, &c. p. 319."

§ Signora Margarita de L'Epine, afterwards married to Dr. Pepuſch. She performed the part of Calypſo in Mr. Hughes's "opera," and in his "ode to the memory of the duke of De-"vonſhire" Signora Margarita performed Britannia, and Mrs. Tofts Auguſta. She alſo ſung in ſeveral of his "cantatas" ſet by Dr. Pepuſch.

Bedford, to hear her ſong, his dice forſakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when ſhe ſhakes:
Lull'd ſtateſmen melt away their drowſy cares
Of England's ſafety in Italian airs.
Who would not ſend each year blank paſſes o'er,
Rather than keep ſuch ſtrangers from our ſhore?

The WANDERING BEAUTY.

1.

THE graces and the wand'ring loves
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chaſe the fawns, or in deep groves
To wound admiring ſwains.
With their bright miſtreſs there they ſtray,
Who turns her careleſs eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while ſhe flies.

2.

But ſee! implor'd, by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid purſue,
Think you, ſhe'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe, fools, your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

SONGS*.

I.

THY origin's divine, I ſee,
Of mortal race thou canſt not be;
Thy lip a ruby luſtre ſhows;
Thy purple cheek outſhines the roſe;
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any ſtar.
Thy ſordid way of life deſpiſe,
Above thy ſlavery, Sylvia, riſe;
Diſplay thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddeſs, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, ſee, thy faithful ſlave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah!

* In the year 1709, Mr. Hughes was concerned in a periodical work, entitled, "The monthly amuſement," printed for Midwinter and Lintot. His tranſlation of Moliere's "Miſan-"trope" [ſee p. 44.] was the ſecond number, May 1709. "The fair maid of the inn" was tranſlated by him, from Cervantes, for the ſame purpoſe, but not printed. Theſe ſongs were inſerted in it. They are "original," but ſo artfully drawn up, as to give occaſion for the ſame critical remarks that Cervantes makes on his "own" ſongs. Many years after, Mr. Jabez Hughes tranſlated the ſame "novel," probably without having ſeen or heard of his brother's tranſlation. The ſongs are there cloſely traced from Cervantes, which was a work of ſome difficulty. It is inſerted among "The ſelect collection "of novels and hiſtories," printed for Watts, 1729, vol. ii, p. 173.

Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond purſuing love to fly.

2.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my ſighs and flowing tears,
And with a ſmile remove my fears.

3.

A wedded wife if thou would'ſt be,
By ſacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the weſtern ſun decline,
My hand and heart ſhall both be thine.

III.

THRICE, lov'd Conſtantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a ſervant's form I wear;
Though bleſt with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee, both wealth and birth I ſcorn:
Truſt me, fair maid, my conſtant flame
For ever will remain the ſame;
My love, that ne'er will ceaſe, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED

TRANSLATED from PERSIAN VERSES.

Alluding to the cuſtom of women being buried with their huſbands, and men with their wives.

ETERNAL are the chains, which here
The generous ſouls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we ſwear
To be for ever true and kind:
And when, by death, the fair are ſnatch'd away,
Leſt we our ſolemn vows ſhould break,
In the ſame grave our living corps we lay,
And willing the ſame fate partake.

ANOTHER.

MY deareſt ſpouſe, that thou and I
May ſhun the fear which firſt ſhould die,
Claſp'd in each others arms we'll live,
Alike conſum'd in love's ſoft fire,
That neither may at laſt ſurvive,
But gently both at once expire.

On ARQUEÄNASSA of COLOPHOS.

From the Greek of Plato.

ARQUEÄNASSA's charms inſpire
Within my breaſt a lover's fire;

Age,

Age, its feeble ſpite diſplaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with laſting grace:
But before old Time purſued her,
Ere he ſunk theſe little caves,
How I pity thoſe who view'd her,
And in youth were made her ſlaves!

On FULVIA, the wife of ANTONY.
From the Latin of Auguſtus Cæſar.

WHILE from his conſort falſe Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's * far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her ſnares.
"The huſband's falſe"—But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous plague, and her revenge procure?
What tho' ſhe aſk!--How happy were my doom,
Should all the diſcontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me when ſcorn'd at home!
"'Tis war," ſhe ſays, "if I refuſe her charms:"
Let's think—She's ugly—Trumpets ſound to arms!

HUDIBRAS

* The poetical name for Citheris, an actreſs, of whom Antony was enamoured. Virgil conſoles Gallus for her infidelity (in the xth eclogue) under the name of "Lycoris." This epigram is preſerved by Martial.

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

Written in the year 1710.

O BLESSED time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The *Jacks* bawl lowd for church triumphant,
And ſwear all whigs ſhall kiſs the rump on't.
See how they draw the beaſtly rabble
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the ſign about,
They ſtretch their throats with hideous ſhout.
Black tinkers bawl aloud, "to ſettle
"Church-privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each ſow-gelder, that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have diſſenters ſworn."
The oyſter-wenches lock their fiſh up,
And cry, "No preſbyterian biſhop!"
The mouſe-trap men lay ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt "low church-men" loudly cry,
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To ſide with rebels 'gainſt the church!
Some cry for "penal laws," inſtead
Of "pudding-pies, and gingerbread;"
And ſome for "brooms, old boots, and ſhoes,"
Roar out, "God bleſs our commons houſe!"

Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
And wiſh they'd "vote diſſenters down."
Inſtead of "kitchen-ſtuff," ſome cry
"Confound the late whig-miniſtry!"
And ſome, for "any chairs to mend,"
The commons' late addreſs commend.
Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
Exclaim againſt "extempore prayer:"
And ſome for "old ſuits, cloaks, or coats,"
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "coney-ſkins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions."
Blue-apron whores, that ſit with furmety,
Rail at "occaſional conformity."
Inſtead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud, "No conventicle!"
Maſons, inſtead of "building houſes,"
To "build the church," would ſtarve their ſpouſes,
And gladly leave their trades, for ſtorming
The meeting-houſes, or informing.
Bawds, ſtrumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, pandars, atheiſts, fornicators,
Rogues, that, like Falſtaff, ſcarce know whether
A church's inſide's ſtone or leather,
Yet join the parſons and the people
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the ſteeple."

If, holy mother, ſuch you'll own
For your true ſons, and ſuch alone,
Then heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beaſtly crew!

The

The HUE and CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Muſicians, poets, 'ſquires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell,
Of Tortorella's * haſty flight?
Why in new groves ſhe takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and ſtop the lovely ſtray!

SOME wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtleſs her conduct, free her air;
Gay, ſcornful, ſober, indiſcreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;

* Mrs. Barbier, a celebrated actreſs and ſinger, who had then eloped from her father's houſe with a gallant. Mr. Hughes firſt recommended her to the notice of the public in the "Spectator," vol. iii, numb. 231, for "her more than ordinary "concern on her firſt appearance, in the opera of 'Almahide,' "no leſs than her agreeable voice and juſt performance." She performed the part of Telemachus in Mr. Hughes's opera of "Calypſo," and Daphne in his maſque of "Apollo and "Daphne." The late John earl of Corke, who knew her well, expreſſed his opinion of her as follows: "She never "could reſt long in a place; her affectations increaſed with her "years. I remember her in the parts of Turnus and Orontes, "when the operas of Camilla and Thomyris were repreſented "at Lincoln's-inn-fields. She loved change ſo well, that ſhe "liked to change her ſex."

Civil, affronting, peeviſh, eaſy,
Form'd both to charm you and diſpleaſe you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modiſh her dreſs, her hoop full wide;
Brown ſkin, her eyes of ſable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a ſhrew.

Genteel her motion, when ſhe walks,
Sweetly ſhe ſings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honeſt, or diſhoneſt, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each maſquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herſelf unknown.

By this deſcription, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Aſk for reward a lover's bliſs,
And (if ſhe'll let you) take a kiſs;
Or more, if more you wiſh and may,
Try if at church the words ſhe'll ſay,
Then make her, if you can—" obey."

1717.

The

The MORNING APPARITION.

Written at Wallington-houſe * in Surry.

ALL things were huſh'd, as noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent bed;
Not ev'n a gnat diſturb'd the peace profound;
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the caſement ſhook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell ſoft from off the eaves;
Nor noiſy ſplinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watch-light ſeem'd itſelf aſleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
In ſlumber wrapp'd, I liſt not now to ſay:
When hark! a ſudden noiſe—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, ſtarting, rubb'd my eyes,
Faſt clos'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains ruſhing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure ſpoke.
Cold ſweat bedew'd my limbs—nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honeſt maſter Jones †;

* The ſeat of Mr. Bridges.

† The butler.

Who wav'd his hand, to baniſh fears and ſorrow,
Well charg'd with toaſt and ſack, and cry'd "Good
"morrow!"

1719.

EXTRACT from the PREFACE TO

Mr. HUGHES's POEMS, p. xxv.

"IT is generally allowed that the characters in "this tragedy (the 'Siege of Damaſcus') are "finely varied and diſtinguiſhed; that the ſenti- "ments are juſt, and well adapted to the charac- "ters; that it abounds with beautiful deſcripti- "ons, apt alluſions to the manners and opinions "of the times where the ſcene is laid, and with "noble morals; that the diction is pure, unaf- "fected, and ſublime, without any meteors of "ſtyle or ambitious ornament; and that the plot "is conducted in a ſimple and clear manner.

"THE only objection I have ever heard, re- "lates to the plan of it.

"THERE does not appear (ſay ſome, who are "eſteemed perſons of very good taſte and judg- "ment) a ſufficient ground and foundation for "the diſtreſs in the ivth and vth acts. For, what "is Phocyas's crime? The city of Damaſcus is "beſieged, and fiercely attacked by the Saracens.

"There

" There is little or no proſpect of relief. It muſt " therefore probably fall into their hands in a " ſhort time, be ſacked and plundered, and the " garriſon and citizens enſlaved. At this dan- " gerous juncture, Phocyas aſſiſts the enemy to " take it a few days ſooner. But upon what " terms? That all, who lay down their arms, " ſhall be ſpared, and liberty granted to every " citizen, that ſhall chuſe it, to leave the city, " and carry off with him a mule's burden of his " goods; the chiefs to have ſix mules, and the " governor ten; with arms for their defence againſt " the mountain robbers, (act iv, ſcene i.) Inſo- " much that Daran ſays, (act v, ſcene i.)

—— —— ' The land wears not the face
' Of war, but trade; and looks as if its merchants
' Were ſending forth their loaded caravans
' To all the neighbouring countries.'

" What is there in all this that a virtuous man " might not have done for the good of his coun- " try? If Phocyas is guilty, his guilt muſt conſiſt " in this only, that he performed the ſame action " from a ſenſe of his own wrongs, and to preſerve " the idol of his ſoul from violation or death, " which he might have performed laudably upon " better principles. But this (ſay they) ſeems " not a ſufficient ground for thoſe ſtrong and " ſtinging reproaches he caſts upon himſelf, nor " for Eudocia's rejecting him with ſo much ſeve- " rity. It would have been more rational (conſi- " dering the frailty of human nature, and the vio-

" lent temptations he lay under) if he had been,
" at laſt, prevailed upon to profeſs himſelf a Ma-
" hometan: for then his remorſe and ſelf-con-
" demnation would have been natural, his puniſh-
" ment juſt, and the character of Eudocia placed
" in a more amiable light."

"I OWN I am at a loſs for an anſwer to this
" objection, and therefore think myſelf obliged to
" acquaint the reader, in order to do juſtice to
" the author's judgment, that he had formed the
" play according to the plan here recommended.
" But when it was offered to the managers of
" Drury-lane houſe, in the year 1718, they re-
" fuſed to act it, unleſs he would alter the cha-
" racter of Phocyas, pretending that he could not
" be a hero, if he changed his religion, and that
" the audience would not bear the ſight of him
" after it, in how lively a manner ſoever his re-
" morſe and repentance might be deſcribed. . . .
" The author (being then in a very languiſhing
" condition) finding that if he did not comply,
" his relations would probably loſe the benefit of
" the play, conſented, though with reluctance,
" to new-model the character of Phocyas."

THUS far the editor.

TO ſhow how tender and reaſonably paſſionate the ſcene here mentioned is as the author planned it; and what ſcope it gives a maſterly actor to diſplay his ſkill, who ſurely in ſuch an agony of ſoul, and ſo diſtracted with paſſion, is rather an

object

object of pity than of deteſtation, the original draught of it, (together with ſome other paſſages that are omitted or altered in the printed copy) is here ſubmitted to the public.

THE lines marked with inverted commas are in both copies.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, the City.

Shouts and noiſe of the ſiege: officers and others paſs over the ſtage in a hurry.

First OFFICER.

Th' attack grows hot—let's to the eaſtern gate,
The ſtorm beats thickeſt there.

Second OFFICER.

Hark! how they ſhout!
All's loſt if the barbarians force that entrance.
(Exeunt.

Enter HERBIS and ſoldiers, meeting ARTAMON.

HERBIS.

More engines there! more hands! the walls are thinn'd.
The foe comes on; we've ſpent our darts and javelins.

Some to the arſenal, quick, for freſh ſupplies.
O Artamon, is this a time to loiter?

ARTAMON.

No—but who knows what orders to obey,
Where all's diſtraction, hurry, and confuſion?

HERBIS.

Where are the citizens?

ARTAMON.

Why, ſafe in corners;
Or elſe, like moles, working i'th' earth to hide
Their plate and jewels—'tis for us, poor rogues,
To get our brains knock'd out; the rich are wiſer.

HERBIS.

Search every houſe,—we'll force the drones to fight
For their ill-gotten wealth, or ſend their wives
To guard it for 'em.—Ha! what mean thoſe lights?

ARTAMON.

'Tis a proceſſion to St. Thomas' church,
A laſt effort with heaven, to quit the ſcore
Of long impiety in proſperous eaſe.
O how devout is fear in times of danger!

HERBIS.

Where is Eumenes, where's the governor?

ARTAMON.

ARTAMON.

I left him in the ſquare of St. Honoria,
Beſieg'd by his own people—Monks, and women,
Boys, and a coward train of noiſy rabble
Purſue him through the ſtreets, with prayers and tears,
And, in deſpair, implore him to ſurrender.
But ſee! he comes.

Enter EUMENES, followed by a crowd of people, &c. [as in the printed copy.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, the outſide of the City.

PHOCYAS and EUDOCIA in diſguiſe, conducted by a centinel; PHOCYAS giving him money, he retires.

PHOCYAS.

Thus far we're ſafe—Why doſt thou tremble?

EUDOCIA.

I know not why; 'tis a cold ſhivering fit
That ſhoots through all my veins—'twill ſoon be over.
Where lies our way?

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

See'ſt thou yon ſepulchre?
The moon-beams ſhine upon its whiten'd walls.

EUDOCIA.

Down in the vale.

PHOCYAS.

The ſame; an arrow's flight,
Sent from a feeble bow, would reach the place.
There wait the mules; below it is the road,
Cloſe by our Abanáh's gold-ſanded ſtream,
Where oft our couriers have eſcap'd the camp.

EUDOCIA.

Would we were there!

PHOCYAS.

Firſt reſt thee here, Eudocia,
While I advance ſome paces to obſerve
If all is ſafe.—Keep near the city-gate,
And mark what ſign I give thee.

[*Exeunt* ſeverally.

SCENE, Caled's Tent, &c. [as in the printed copy.]

In

In the ſame ACT,

After PHOCYAS's Soliloquy on Death, and its interruption by DARAN, ABUDAH enters *with the Koran in his hand.*

. . . . . " thou yet
" Know'ſt not I am thy friend."

PHOCYAS.

Art thou my friend? Can this be poſſible?

ABUDAH.

I come to prove it.
To ſhew thee, that among our fierceſt tribes,
Inur'd to hardy deeds of war, and cruel
As thou believ'ſt us, thou may'ſt find a man,
Who, not forgetting he's to ſufferings born,
Can pity thoſe that ſuffer. I have liſten'd,
With ſympathy of ſorrow, to thy ſtory;
And let me now give counſel to thy griefs.

PHOCYAS.

" Thou ſpeak'ſt me fair, &c."

In the ſame SCENE,

After

" Hah! who, what art thou? *(raving)*
" My friend? that's well: but hold—are all friends
" honeſt?"

Follows

Follows

What means that book?—

ABUDAH.

It is heaven's gift divine,
Our holy law.—Here take—nay hold it faſt—
Why ſhakes thy hand?

PHOCYAS.

"Huſh! Hark! what voice is that?" &c.

After

"Villains! Is there no way? O ſave her, ſave her!"
Inſtead of "*Exit* with Abudah"

(Recovering, after a pauſe)

What's to be done?—O heaven!

ABUDAH.

Heaven ſhows thee what,
And points thee out the path to laſting peace.
Here, kiſs this ſacred book; and humbly own

(PHOCIAS kiſſes the book, with great reluctance and horror)

One Power Supreme, and Mahomet his prophet.
Let me embrace thee, brother.

Enter CALED, ABUDAH meeting him.

Caled, 'tis done!—He's ours: the city's ours!
This man is more than a whole province gain'd.

CALED.

CALED.

And has he ſworn obedience to our laws?

ABUDAH.

He has.

CALED (embracing him.)

Then thus we greet thee Muſſulman!
Our faith adopts thee to its choiceſt bleſſings.
By the ſeven heavens I ſwear, that whate'er terms
Have, in my name, been offer'd by Abudah,
Shall ſtrictly be fulfill'd.—But art thou ready?
This moment calls to action.

PHOCYAS.

Lead me on;
Give me my taſk, and let me loſe for ever
Each conſcious ſtinging thought of what I was!
A preſſing gloom ſtill hangs about my heart;
I'll try to ſhake it off.

CALED.

This ſcymetar *,
" Bleſs'd in the field by Mahomet himſelf

(Giving the ſcymetar)

" At Chaibar's proſp'rous fight, ſhall 'grace' thy
" arm."

ABUDAH.

* This ſcymetar, in the printed copy, is given to Daran.

ABUDAH.

" The captains wait thy orders, &c."

After

——— " Mourn, thou haughty city!
" The bow is bent, nor can'ſt thou 'ſcape thy
" doom."

ABUDAH adds,

And thy own quiver ſends forth ſhafts againſt thee.

CALED.

" I will command the troops of the black ſtandard,
" And at the eaſtern gate begin the ſtorm.
" Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet
" curſe him!"

DARAN.

" But why do we not move? 'Twill ſoon be day.
" Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm with
" action."

PHOCYAS.

There is a way———

ABUDAH (to CALED.)

Hear Phocyas.

PHOCYAS.

And, perhaps,
Without the loſs of blood, to take the city.

Let

Let but Abudah lead ſome choſen bands,
I will conduct them to the gate, from whence
I late eſcap'd, nor doubt by ſtratagem
To gain admittance there.

CALED.

Then be it ſo.
" Who firſt ſucceeds gives entrance to the reſt.
" Hear all! &c." (to the end of the act.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, a great Square in the City, before the Governor's Palace.

Phocyas in a Saracen habit, ABUDAH, Saracen captains and ſoldiers, *and a meſſenger from Eumenes.*

ABUDAH to the meſſenger.

Let him come forth, if he would have protection.
See'ſt thou our ſtrength? Two gates are ours already.
The arſenal too. Reſiſtance were but madneſs.
Yet tell him, he and all his friends are ſafe,
So he reſign the palace.

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH.

And the terms——(Showing a paper.)

ABUDAH.

By the day's dawning, and the evening ſhades,
And

And by Medina's holy tomb, I ſwear,
That all ſhall be made good.

PHOCYAS to the meſſenger.

Return this paper,
And let him know 'tis granted, [*Exit* meſſ.
Brave Abudah!
Thy godlike temper binds me firmer ſtill
To my new vows and thee; now thou'rt indeed
A friend, and let me joy thee of a conqueſt,
Which well thy noble clemency deſerves.

ABUDAH.

Servant of Mahomet! haſt not thou too
Deſerv'd this grant? How could a friend and brother
Refuſe thy merit ought?

PHOCYAS.

Behold Eumenes!

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, officers of the court, and attendants.

EUMENES, entering.

"It muſt be ſo, &c." [as in the printed copy.]

At the end of ABUDAH's ſpeech,

And little do you think how much you owe
"To one brave" foe, "whom yet," I ſee, "you
"know not."

PHOCYAS

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH, (aſide.)

Abudah, I would be a while conceal'd.

EUMENES.

If there be ſuch a friendly foe unknown,
Whoſe interpoſing pity breaks the fall
Of wretched men, heaven grant him all his wiſhes!

PHOCYAS (aſide.)

Amen, O heaven! No thanks to thee who know'ſt not
Or what, or whom thou pray'ſt for. Guide me now,
Auſpicious love, to find my life's chief joy,
And I've no more to aſk. [*Exit.*

ABUDAH.

Haſte, Serjabil,
And raiſe our ſtandard o'er the palace-gate;
Then wait thy duty here.

Enter RAPHAN.

Raphan, thou'rt welcome.
Thou know'ſt our orders; ſee thy troops obſerve them.
On pain of death no violence be us'd,
'Till force ſhall call for force.

EUMENES.

Generous Abudah!
We have thy word, and doubt not of protection.

" Enter

" Enter ARTAMON, haſtily.

" All's loſt! &c." (to the end of the ſcene.)

In SCENE II,

PHOCYAS going to embrace EUDOCIA, ſhe ſtarts back.

EUDOCIA.

Save me! ſtand off! Mercy of heaven! what art thou?

PHOCYAS.

Life of my ſoul! it is my dreſs deceives thee.
Doſt thou not know———

EUDOCIA.

" My Phocyas! &c."

PHOCYAS.

" I've born a thouſand deaths ſince our laſt parting.
" But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now"
To hold thee thus, thus to my beating heart,
Is more, much more, than life yet ever knew.—
Why weeps my fair? What mean theſe guſhing tears?

EUDOCIA.

O Phocyas! could'ſt thou think how I have paſs'd
The hours of night, unknowing of thy ſafety,

My

My fancy tortur'd with ill-boding viſions
That thou wert loſt for ever; could'ſt thou know
What I have thought, what fear'd, whilſt thou
wert abſent,
Thou would'ſt not aſk from whence theſe ga-
ther'd miſts
That hover in my eyes, and now diſſolve,
At ſight of thee, and fall in dewy ſhowers.

PHOCYAS.

No more, my charmer; let us from this hour
Baniſh the gloomy leavings of our ſorrow.
My joys, Eudocia, ſhall rekindle thine;
For I, "methinks, am rais'd to life immortal, &c."
. . . . . .

PHOCYAS.

" 'Twill ſurpriſe thee
" When thou ſhalt know——

EUDOCIA.

" What?

PHOCYAS.

Look on me, Eudocia!
Doſt thou obſerve no change? Can'ſt thou not gueſs
What means this turban on thy Phocyas' head?

EUDOCIA.

A lucky ſtratagem to paſs unknown!

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd be the hand that, thus diſguiſing, help'd thee
To work theſe deeds, and make thy name immortal?

PHOCYAS (looking earneſtly at her.)

"O for a cauſe ſo lovely, ſo beloved,"
Sure 'tis no crime, or heaven will ſure forgive it!

EUDOCIA.

"What doſt thou mean?" What can it be, that thus
With diſtant words thou labour'ſt to conceal?
Sure 'tis thy tenderneſs, thy generous love,
That fears to ſhock me with ſome mighty danger,
Which ſcarce thou haſt eſcap'd; but ſince thy life
Is ſafe, delay no more to tell me all,
And ſwell my preſent joy.

PHOCYAS.

How ſhall I tell thee?
O why wilt thou not know me in this habit
For what I am?—"To ſave my life? O no!"
'Twere juſtly giv'n, had it been loſt for thee—
Nay, had I riſk'd my ſoul to ſave Eudocia,
Yet were it not too much.

EUDOCIA.

"It cannot be.—
"And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale!
"Why doſt thou ſhake?—Alas! I tremble too,"
Nor dare enquire that which thou dar'ſt not utter.
"I'll not 'allow' a thought that thou could'ſt do
"One act unworthy of thyſelf, &c."

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

"Alas! thou know'ſt me not—I'm man, frail man,
"To error born; and who that's man is perfect?"
'Tis paſt, and——

EUDOCIA.

"Ha!

PHOCYAS.

I am no more a Chriſtian.

EUDOCIA.

Then it is paſt indeed!

[They look at each other for ſome time in confuſion; after which, EUDOCIA turns away and covers her face.]

PHOCYAS (after a pauſe.)

Eudocia, why,
Why doſt thou turn, and hide thy face from me!
Have I a thought of comfort but in thee?
Look on me—ſpeak——Nay, frown upon, and chide me,
Say any thing, and drive me to diſtraction.
For O! I can no longer bear thy ſilence.

EUDOCIA.

Speak thou ſome comfort firſt—recal thy words,
Thy

Thy fatal ſtory—Quickly ſay 'twas feign'd,
To try the utmoſt I could bear and live.
Was it?—Thou'rt dumb—there is no comfort left.

PHOCYAS.

Yes, there is all in thee, if———

EUDOCIA.

O!

PHOCYAS.

What means
That piercing look, and what that ſobbing ſigh?

EUDOCIA.

Is't poſſible, that ev'n the ſight of thee
Should wound me more than thy late dreaded abſence?

PHOCYAS.

Am I then grown ſo hateful to thy eyes?
Hold yet my heart! (aſide.)

EUDOCIA.

O what, what haſt thou told me?
Think what thou art, if thou'rt no more—
I cannot ſpeak it, horror choaks my voice.
"Are theſe the terms" accurs'd "on which we "meet, &c." *

* The concluſion of this and the following ſpeech agrees with thoſe in the printed copy.

PHOCYAS.

" Ha! Lightning blaſt me!—Strike me,
" Ye vengeful bolts, if this is my reward."
Art thou Eudocia, that kind gentle fair,
Who us'd with ſmiles to lull each anxious thought?
" Are theſe my hop'd for joys? &c." *

EUDOCIA.

What welcome can I give, or thou receive †?
O! " thou haſt blaſted all our joys for ever,
" And cut down hope, like a poor ſhort-liv'd flower,
" Never to grow again"—Art thou not ſworn
A foe to Chriſtians? Am not I a Chriſtian?

† Inſtead of this line, in the printed copy,

Had'ſt thou not help'd the foes of Mahomet
To ſpread their impious conqueſts o'er thy country,
What welcome was there in Eudocia's power
She had with-held from Phocyas? But alas!
'Tis " thou haſt blaſted, &c."

To which PHOCYAS replies,

" Cruel Eudocia!"
If in my heart's deep anguiſh I've been forc'd
A while from what I was—doſt thou reject me?
" Think of the cauſe"—

* Eudocia's anſwer to this (p. 242.) according to the original plan is dictated by a juſt and honeſt indignation, but in the altered copy far exceeds the bounds of reaſon, and is very improperly addreſſed to one whoſe " faith" is ſtill " unſpotted," and who may rather be ſaid to have ſaved, than betrayed, his country.

PHOCYAS.

Is this to be a foe, to give up all
To call thee mine? Yet now thou doſt upbraid me
With what I am for thee—" cruel Eudocia!
" Think of the cauſe———

EUDOCIA.

" The cauſe! there is no cauſe!
" Not univerſal nature could afford
" A cauſe for this; what were dominion, pomp,
" The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,
" The world itſelf, or what a thouſand worlds,
" If weigh'd with faith unſpotted, heavenly truth,
" Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
" And all the triumphs of a godlike breaſt,
" Firm and unmov'd in the great cauſe of virtue?"

PHOCYAS.

What is that virtue heaven no longer owns?
Why do the Chriſtian banners fly the field?
What puts their numerous hoſts to ſhameful flight?
What conquers all their towns?—Alas! Eudocia,
Haſt thou no doubts? Is this heaven's favourite cauſe?
Why then by heaven deſerted? Say, is not
The will divine obſcure, and in thick clouds
Veil'd from the feeble eyes of human reaſon?

EUDOCIA.

EUDOCIA.

O blind of ſoul!—'tis Chriſtian guilt that arms
The foes of truth againſt its treacherous friends;
Forſaking heaven, they are of heaven forſaken.

PHOCYAS.

"How ſhall I anſwer thee? &c."

In EUDOCIA's next ſpeech but one, inſtead of

—— —— "But never, never,"
Can "I be made the curs'd reward of" treaſon,
"To ſeal thy doom, &c."

Read

—— —— "But never, never,"
So grant me mercy, heaven! will "I be made
"The curs'd reward of" black apoſtacy,
"To ſeal thy doom, to bind a helliſh league, &c."

PHOCYAS.

"What league?—'tis ended—I renounce it—thus
[Kneels.
"I bend to heaven and thee*"—O yet look on me.

* After this, in the printed copy, follows immediately

—— —— —— "O thou divine,
"Thou matchleſs image, &c." (p. 244.)

EUDOCIA.

It cannot be—Are vows but ſolemn trifles,
Made and unmade, and to be kept or broken,
But as a wretched woman ſmiles or frowns?
Haſt thou not ſworn? Angels, and ſaints, and all
The hoſt above, are witneſſes againſt thee.
How wilt thou then blot out thy oath? How yet
Stand clear'd to thoſe bleſs'd powers thou haſt renounc'd?
How make atonement to thy injur'd country?
O could all theſe forgive thee, we might yet
Perhaps be happy in each other's love——

PHOCYAS.

We might! We may, we will—"O thou divine,
"Thou matchleſs image, &c."

In PHOCYAS's laſt ſpeech,

After

"Return, return and ſpeak it, ſay for ever!—

Inſert

I dare not follow her—Methinks I ſee
Celeſtial guards ſtand ready to oppoſe
My ſteps, and, frowning, ſhake their ſwords of flame,
To drive me out from bliſs!—
"She's gone—and now ſhe joins the fugitives, &c."

In

In ACT IV. SCENE the laſt,

[Which in the printed copy is the firſt ſcene of act v.]

In one of DARAN's ſpeeches, inſtead of

" That's well. And yet I fear
" Abudah's" Chriſtian friend—

Read

" That's well. And yet I fear
" Abudah's" motley convert.

CALED.

If poſſible,
He ſhould not know of this; no, nor Abudah:
He is a very hermit of the war.
See thou the troops refreſh'd, and when the ſun
Shall from the weſt, declining, faintly ſhine,
Draw up our Arab horſe without the gates.
We'll " quickly make this thriftleſs conqueſt good;
" The ſword too has been wrong'd, and thirſts
" for blood. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

In the SCENE between PHOCYAS and CALED,

CALED (entering.)

" So—Slaughter do thy work!" The birds of prey
Will ſcent thee ſoon, and yet, ere night comes on,
Shadow this valley with a living cloud.
—" Theſe hands look well, &c."

. . . . . .

CALED.

" Promiſe?—Inſolence!
" 'Tis well, 'tis well——For now I know thee
" too.
" Thou double" renegade, thou twice a " trai-
" tor!
" Falſe to thy firſt and to thy latter vow,
" For ſtill thy mongrel ſoul is half a Chriſtian!
" Villain, &c."

At

At the end of the laſt SCENE but one,

ARTAMON.

" See where Eumenes comes! What's this? He
ſeems
" To lead" along " ſome wounded" Saracen
Of better rank. Let's ſtand aſide, and mark them*.

* In the printed copy it is

—— —— —— " He ſeems
" To lead ſome wounded" friend—Alas! 'tis—

☞ Mr. Andrew Roner, the writer of letter xii, page 36, and a friend of Mr. Handel, was a maſter of muſic, and, among other things, compoſed Sir John Denham's " verſion " of the pſalms."

END OF VOL. I.

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